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MELEAGROS

THE NEW CALVARY

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BY

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MELEAGROS

MDCCCLXVII & VIII

CHARACTERS

ŒNEUS, *King of Calydon.*

MELEAGROS, *son of Œneus.*

PRO'THOUS, } *Princes of the Courctes of Pleuron, and brothers*
COME'TES, } *of Althæa.*

THESEUS, *son of Ægeus, King of Athenæ.*

NESTOR, *Prince of Pylos.*

EP'OCHOS, *son of Lycurgus of Tegea.*

PELEUS, *son of Æacos, King of the Myrmidons in Thessaly.*

ALTHÆA, *daughter of Thestius, and mother of Meleagros.*

DEÏANEIRA, *Meleagros' sister.*

CLEOPA'TRA, *daughter of Idas and Marpessa, and wife of Meleagros.*

ATALANTA, *daughter of Schœneus of Arcadia.*

Mute Personages

PEIRITHOÖS, *son of Ixion, Prince of the Lapithæ.*

ANCÆUS, *brother of Epochos.*

TELAMON, *brother of Peleus, from Salamis.*

AMPHIARA'OS, *son of Oïcles, from Argos.*

EURYT'ION, *son of Actor of Phthia.*

Other Huntsmen. Attendants.

SCENE. *In the palace of Œneus and on the plain before Calydon.*

MELEAGROS

Act the First

Scene. *The Hall in the Palace of Œneus.*

Meleagros. Althæa. Cleopatra. Deïaneira.[1]

Mel. Care of my uncles? Now, I think, O mother,
They should by better right take care of me.
Should they not, Cleopa'tra?

Cle. In due course,
Being brothers of thy mother and two for one,
Perhaps they should.

Deï. Not were they four to one,
As they are more, all counted. In himself
My brother, like Alcides, were a match
In thews and valor for six times his count,
Were all the six Thesti'adæ.

Alth. Thestius' sons

Are of my blood, remember, and to me
What Melea'gros is to thee. His strength
And courage, like thy spirit, are not deriv'd
Alone from Œneus. Vaunting them, thou vaunt'st
Thy mother's blood as well.

Dei. But not her brothers.
They are brave, O mother, and strong, but not as mine.
I lack not daring, and my chariot wheels
Have outstripp'd theirs[2]; but opposite my brother
I am a woman.

Mel. As before thy lover.
This say the deepening roses of thy cheek.
To name me, O sister, in one phrase with him
Whom the world knows already, for his deeds,
As Heracles[3], is lovingly to praise,
Not wisely, as were I to match thy grace
With Hera's, or my Cleopatra's charms
With Aphrodite's bloom. Would he were here![4]
The conqueror of the Erymanthian boar
Might make our mother less anxious, both for me
And for our uncles.

Alth. I fear not for thee.
Thy life is in my coffer, and thy courage
May drive thee whither it will, the monster's tusks
Have power to wound alone.

Mel. 'T is well for me
I put no faith in fables, or my fame
For courage might even in Deïaneira's heart,
Which knows what courage is, and Cleopatra's,

Which knows it not, be tarnish'd. Throw the brand
Into the fire, O mother, and thou wilt see
I shall not turn to ashes with it.

Alth. O son,
Think it not courage to defy the gods,
Nor wisdom to discredit the unseen.
The Fates derided may have their revenge
By the dread Furies.

Mel. I deride them not,
Have not derided, either gods or Fates;
I think but as I thought, when first a man
I heard thy story, that thou wast deceiv'd.

Alth. This to thy mother! Saw I not, heard not?
Thou wast then seven days old; the brand was burning;
The vailed Mœra enter'd, none knew whence.
She gaz'd on thee a moment, or so seem'd;
For her thick pall hung low and hid her eyes,
As her head bent, and with its shadows dark'd
The features under. "His light of life," she said,
And pointed with one finger to the brand,
"Will last while that rests unconsum'd." [5] At once,
I snatch'd it from the fire, extinguish'd, stor'd it.
Thou wast a weakling then, but from that night
Didst thrive and grow.

Mel. As I had thriven and grown
Were there not left one cinder of the brand.
It was not difficult for the crone to see
My slender chance of life, nor for thy fear
To change her figure in the flickering light

To a vail'd Mœra. Who knows not these hags?
There is not a green spot in our mountain land
Where, in lone hut or beast-deserted cave,
Dwells not some beldam vers'd in magic arts,
Or so accounted, who could say as much
Over a puny babe, or look as dread
In a half-shadow'd chamber. Easy way
Have such found always to my father's halls
Through the bewilder'd and awe-stricken slaves,
Who deem them demon-taught or Heaven-inspir'd,
And listen to their mumbled cant as 't were
Dodona's oracles.

Alth. Am I of that herd?
Wilt thou deny me eyesight? Saw I not
The distaff in the fatal sister's hand?
It had touch'd the roof, held upright.

Mel. Or the skies.
I am glad she was industrious.

Alth. Meleagros! —
Is this thy brother, Deïaneira? This
Thy husband, Cleopatra? Œneus' son
Should dread celestial anger.[6]

Deï. And does dread,
Or reverence, O my mother. 'T is but doubt
That his brave life should have its natural length
Dependent on the extinction of a brand.

Mel. My disbelief, say rather. If the brand
Hold in its uncharr'd core my spirit of life,
I am immortal. Lay it o'er with pitch,

And in a brazen coffin bury it deep
'Neath Taphiassus, or bound round with lead
Sink it in broad Trichonis or the Gulf,
Or give it, if thou wilt, O mother, in charge
Of branching Achelöos, or the flood
Which bears my wife's unhappy grandsire's name,[7]
It is all one; the stick will last forever,
And I shall never die.

Alth. This passes patience!
Wilt thou enrage me?

Mel. Why shouldst thou be anger'd?
Is it in reason, in the possible bounds
Of what may happen, that the fatal three,
Whose sad or terrible mien the most high gods
Scarcely themselves behold, should stoop to earth,
Or one of them, to warn thee of decrees
Whose motive is inscrutable and whose aim
Cannot be turn'd aside? What is the child
Of Thestius, though her mortal sire were got
By Ares' self (which is no creed of mine,)
That aught should leave Heaven's concave, or ascend
From Hades' realm, to tread the flat of Earth
For her advantage?

Alth. Wilt thou then deny, —
Art thou so impious, as irreverent, grown, —
That the great gods have held consort' with men?
Believe not, if thou wilt, their deathless blood
Has twice commingled, as I joy to think,
With both thy sire's and mine through Pleuron's stem,[8]

Their roseate feet have trod this very hall.
Witness mirth-giving Dionysus, made
Thy father's guest, as I myself beheld.

Mel. Believ'st thou that?

Alth. I say, these happy eyes
Beheld the god, as I look on him now
In memory's vision, with his sparkling orbs,
Blue as the heaven yet radiant as the sun,
Heart-piercing yet heart-winning, and his cheeks
Through whose immaculate skin the ruddy blood
Blush'd like the inside of the rose's leaf,
Just where the vein'd red mingles with the white
At the bottom of the calyx; liker that
Than to the coarser hue which stains our own,
Whose veins are not immortal. And as him
In his youth's glory, at thy father's board,
So saw I since, though darkling and close-vail'd,
The Mœra in my chamber.

Mel. Or so thought.
Look not so vex'd, O mother. If not the crone,
Age-bent and wither'd, muttering fancy'd spells,
The vision of the Mœra was a dream
Brought thee by Hermes. Thou hadst watch'd the brand
With its faint blaze that rose and sank by turns,
And mus'd upon my feeble flame of life
Flickering like it, then slept to dream thereon.
Thou shouldst have pray'd, on waking, to the Sun,
Then let the extinguish'd brand again take fire
And spar'd thy coffer.

Alth. And the gods?

Cle. O Meleagros! —

Alth. Check him not, my child. —
What of the gods? Doubt'st thou too, that I saw
Step like a youthful monarch in this hall
The son of Theban Semele? saw and heard
The voice that ravish'd and the eyes that burn'd,
Where by thy father's side the Zeus-begotten
Bent o'er the board that changeless brow which shadow'd
His thick locks' wavy gold and took the food
That mortals savor, with the rose-tipt fingers
That were not mortal, and ate as mortals wont?

Mel. I doubt not what thou saw'st nor what thou heard'st;
I doubt the immortal presence. Be not displeas'd.
I speak with reverence, and I bid beware.
The world may put false meaning on these tales,
And at some future day ——

Alth. I will no more!
Question thy sire, since now thy mother's love
Begets not credence. Cleopatra, come.

[*Exit, followed by Cle.*

Dei. What words be these thou hast spoken, O my brother?
Believ'st thou then no longer in the gods?
'T was not so alway.

Mel. Nor is now. Believe?
'T is my delight to hope that they exist.
Therefore it is I doubt their mingling here
With the earth-molded mortals of this world,
Which die and make corruption. They whose pride

So humbles the divine conceive it not,
Though they may think they do, when by themselves
They measure the gods' faculties and make
Them slaves to passions groveling as their own.
And for that tale; thou dost not lend it faith,
Thou, Deïaneira, with thy man's heart, thou?

Deï. What shall I say? I know not what to think,
Now with our mother, now inclin'd to thee.

Mel. Fy, thou art but a woman after all,
As thy face speaks thee. Let such stories live,
The world will stretch their fable, or explain
Its mystery haply, in a plainer age,
Not to our mother's honor. Men may say
Thou gatt'st that fair skin and bright locks, those eyes,
Piercing yet winning (in our mother's phrase,)
From Dionysus.

Deï. Thou thy valor, then,
From Ares? That were malice. Lo, where comes
Our father, brave and kinglike, though no god.

Enter Œneus.

Œn. What hast thou said, O son, to wound the Queen?

Mel. Nothing, O father, should have given pain.
I doubted of the brand, whereon my life
Is made to have dependence; frightful thought,
Were it not monstrous! nor believ'd the gods
Consorted with their creatures, and my sire
Had vine-crown'd Dionysus here his guest

In his hand-builded home, and at his board.
Is it not some delusion?

Œn. What to say
I know not, and unfavor'd of the skies[9]
Fear to awake Heaven's anger by distrust.
The guest was young, heroical, yet learn'd,
And on the vine dilated with a warmth
Partook of rapture. Claim'd not he himself
Aught of divinity, but thy mother saw
More than a mortal's fire in the eyes
Which glow'd, with a strange light, though soft at times
As Cleopatra's, while his voice was sweet
As shepherd's breathing in his oaten pipe
At even-tide.

Mel. It should have had a sound
Loud as the sea-shell, or the trumpet's blast
In battle. That could be no god.

Œn. There rest.
Thou knowest thy mother's mood. Provoke her not.
Her love for thee is passion; but like warmth
Colors her fancies. Not to give her way
Were to be ingrate, for to her thou owest,
Not me, thy mettled temper. For the gods,
Doubt not, dispute not. Let the coming chase
Remind thee of its cause.

Mel. Why should the boar
Be sent of Artemis? The gods, I deem,
Are above human passion, nor resent
Neglect as mortals use. Why hand we else

Against the monster? Not ten thousand men,
Were they all of our inland,[10] and led on
By twice a hundred heroes of such strength
And fortune as his who slew its Crommyan dam,[11]
Would slay or capture it, if its force and fury
Be Heaven-directed. Thou wilt see, O sire,
The bow of Atalanta will suffice.

Œn. I trust more in thy javelin, O my son.
But be thou heedful. Are all things made prompt
For our guests' honor? Such were ne'er assembled
Since sail'd the Argo for her precious freight;
And these be of her heroes, like thyself,
Though thou wast then scarce man.

Mel. All is well done:
And the fair huntress forms the special charge
Of Deïaneira.

Deï. And thy own. Thou seem'st,
O brother, to hold the Arcadian maid more worth
Than all the rest.

Mel. More to be tended, say,
And more to be admir'd, being what she is,
A woman and beautiful, yet with the soul
Of Heracles or Theseus. Thus thou seest
She is among them.

Deï. So were I, nor last
To lead the attack, wouldst thou and would our sire
Yield to my urgence.

Œn. Hast thou learn'd to use
The bow of Artemis by being betroth'd

To dread Alcides? Grudge not Schœneus' daughter[12]
Her dangerous honors, but enjoy thy own.
Come, Meleagros, let us to the gate
To meet our great guests.

Dei. Would I were a man
To make one with you!

Mel. Thou hast nobler joy,
In being the chosen of more than twice a man.

He follows Œneus toward the entrance, looking back on Deïaneira.

The Drop falls.

Act the Second

Scene. *As before.*

Œneus. — Meleagros; Theseus; Atalanta; Prothous; Cometes; Ancæus; Epochos; Peleus; Peirithoös; Telamon; Amphiaraos: *and others assembled for the hunt.*

Thes. Is my voice ask'd? This then my plan. Divide
Into two parts our band, each with its head:
These into two again, if need require.
The monster, driven thus between us, comes
Perforce to bay. In the great hero's room,
Ye have honor'd me unworthy with command.
Have I the right, assuming then to guide
One portion, I would name King Œneus' son
To lead the others.

Proth. He is all too young.

Œn. Not to have had experience.

Mel. Which was gain'd
Where Prothous ventur'd not, albeit I see
Others are here who there were my compeers,
Under Iäson,[13] — foremost of them all
He who is kin in valor as in blood
To Zeus-born Heracles, Ægeus' royal son.[14]

Atal. The will of Theseus should alone prevail,
Were it a meaner choice; and if unknown
For conduct and for valor to all else,
Yet in the judgment of Athenæ's king
To be approv'd, should be itself a title
Unquestion'd to command. What then, when he,
So chosen, so approv'd, hath in himself
Claims to precedence second but to his
The approver's? Further, so endow'd, and son
Of royal Œneus for whose sake we are met,
Were Theseus now, as Heracles, away,
None should command but Meleagros sole.

Proth. It is a woman's word. A woman's right
To speak at all, where men of men's affairs
Hold counsel, might be question'd; but what claim
Has Schœneus' daughter to consort with us
Who are not women, but the sons of men?

Atal. I am indeed a woman in form; my sire
Had for my sex the same disdain as thou.[15]
With what cause knows Arcadia, ancient nurse
Of valiant men, where none who boasts a beard
Would venture to deny the smooth-cheek'd girl
A claim to heart-strength equal to his own.
Take thou my bow. Thou mayest bend it well:
But canst thou drive the arrow to the mark
So straight as I? Thou art more strong of limb:
But is thy foot so fleet? Against the boar
If one of thy Couretes shall advance,
Or thou, so close as I, or if thy spear

Go deeper than my shaft's head in his side,
Break thou my bow, and whip me with its string,
And put a distaff in my nerveless hand,
As braggart and the woman which thy spleen
Dares make me only.

Œn. 'T is, though proudly said,
Said justly. All are welcome here who come
With courage for the task. And who brings more
Than Schœneus' offspring? who, save Theseus sole,
Is fitter by experience for this chase
Than the Parrhasian huntress?

Thes. Fitter none.
The beast of Crommyon, was it even the dam
Of Calydon's terror, might of fortune give
One eminent instance, but no constant proof
Of skill for this emprise as doth her life,
Which from its cradleless babehood has till now
Been in consort or conflict with wild beasts;
Nor sounds the ivory quiver on her shoulder [16]
Less fatal, when she walks the forest glade,
Than that of Artemis. This, for her skill
In fight with savage creatures. Ask we then
For proof of courage such as fits a man
In strife with men, we need but call to mind
Hylæos, Rhœcos, Centaurs, whom she slew
To vindicate her virtue. 'T was a deed
Not Prothous, none of us, could well surpass;
And its bare mention fires the youthful blood
Of Meleagros, and the scarce more old

His kin, Cometes, from whose emulous eyes
Look out more admiration and respect
Than wakes mere beauty.

Com. They are virtue's due
As well as beauty's. And if worth of soul
Bears in itself a claim to men's regard,
How much more, when the charms which rarely are
Coequals with it, and not oft comates,
Are like itself exalted. Prothous fails
To make discrimination in the sex.
Mine eyes are bias'd less; and such my gage
Of Atalanta's courage and her claim
Among us to command, that, if none else,
I, I will follow where she leads, assur'd
'T will be to the thick of danger and success.

Proth. Thus passion and the light of beauty's eyes
Blind masculine judgment and make bearded men
O'erlook their place and sex-right. I will not,
Not merely follow where a woman leads,
But will not move at all in such emprise
Where she must be my compeer.

Mel. Wilt thou not?
Now by my father's head, thou shalt!

Proth. I shall?

Mel. Ay, thou shalt go where Atalanta goes.
And be it given her to lead, then thou
Shalt follow with the rest.

Proth. And this from thee?
Thou braggart boy, who scarce hast won the right

To be thyself with men ——

Œn. Stop, Thestius' son.
And thou, O my best-born, wilt thou then soil
Thy scarce-leav'd laurels with the dust of shame?
Put back your swords, and know, that in these halls
To even think such outrage is to invade
The stranger's rights therein and to insult
Royal Ægides, all who to our aid
Came at our call, and most the maid herself,
The unweeting cause of strife.

Nest. For her sake then,
To whom, though woman, none will here impute
That this strife was engendred, let it die,
And be our contest only who shall dare
First wound the monster which defies us all.

Thes. And may thy spear, O son of Neleus, prove
As ready as thy words, which fly too swift.
Some long years hence, when frost is on thy beard,
And care and thought have channel'd that smooth brow,
Thou mayst have tongue. Now, give thy elders space.
Valiant Œnides, and thou, Prince, his kin,
Why in unnatural bickering waste that fire
Which hath legitimate and useful ways,
So many, and one immediate, to expend
Its dangerous power? Unto none of us,
Who are all here guests save one, belongs the right
To question who is of us. If her sex
Who doth, I deem, great honor to our band,
Nor is its least adjuvant, umbrage gives

To any here, let such withdraw. But thou,
O Prothous, since our power will have two heads,
May choose the side where she is not: yet so,
Thy choice will flout experience and make less
Thy chances of good fortune.

Proth. Be it so:
I shall at least not lessen self-respect.

Thes. Even as thou wilt, or think'st: the royal maid,
Rich in all others' homage, will not pine,
To be denied thy own. But unto whom,
O Princes, — since ye all (Pleuronian Prothous
Only except) seem emulous of the joy
To attend the quiver'd virgin; and there be,
As thou, Peirithoös, and the shield-wide breast
Of Zeus-descended Telamon, some whose eyes
Dart flames like Meleagros' and the orbs
Of Thestian Cometes at the thought, —
To which of our twin parties shall belong
Arcadian Atalanta, if not rather
She lead a third division of her own?

Proth. O shame to manhood! if that men there be
To follow with weapons to a warlike sport,
Where failure may be death, a woman's lead.
Fancy the train! more fit to dance in glade
Than scour the forest. Leto's[17] child herself
Leads nymphs, not satyrs; and the hairy cheek
Should blush to be so shadow'd from the sun.

Mel. Shame on thyself! and let thy own cheek blush.
Art thou the only man, where all around

Are braver than thyself, experienc'd more,
Have oftener cop'd with death, as has this maid?

Œn. Forbear, O son!

Mel. Here in thy halls, O sire,
Thy son should shield thy guests from all reproach,
Even from an uncle. But not hate to her
Puts on this shape of insult, nor disdain,
But jealousy of me.

Proth. Of thee?

Mel. Of me.

Proth. Now! ——

Thes. Likewise thou forbear. And where ye are
Stand both of ye. Am I of no account?
Let fall thy hands for my sake, Meleagros,
If not thy sire's, and let thy sheath'd sword drop
Back to his custom'd place. Know not all men
That thou canst use it promptly, and that well?
And thou, O Prothous, is it from my lips
A stranger in this house that thou must learn
What honor is its due? By Ægeus' ghost,
He who first lays his hand upon his hilt
Again before me makes of me his foe.
And see, O son of Œneus, where, herself,
All ros'd with shame, and anger of hurt pride,
The virgin huntress waits a chance to speak
In her own cause.

Atal. O royal Theseus, thou
King Œneus, and ye princes all, who grieve,
I see it, for the slight put on me here,

Where I came, not intrusive, but invited
With the same flattering urgence as the rest,
Ye will not, seeing that of your number one
Alone is hostile, one alone speaks words
Of insult and disparagement unprovok'd,
Look for response of other kind than words
Like his disdainful, but, unlike his, just, —
If rather I should not treat with silent scorn,
As your looks now assure me, what deserves
No notice, coming unprovok'd from him,
From him to me. What passion in his breast
Gave Ate power to stir up strife between
His sister's son and him because of me,
I know not; for, till now, has been no sign
Of variance 'twixt them, or to me of spite,
Since our here-coming. Haply 't is, as said,
His rage that to his nephew should be given
The post of honor, and that I approv'd. —
Let him not interrupt me.

Thes. No! that hand
So wav'd shall be, and is, a sceptre. I
Am chieftain here, and this is Œneus' house.

Atal. I have not much to say. I came to aid.
Such was my thought; but doubtless too inspir'd
By love of glory, and that relish habit
Has given me for the dangers of the chase.
I knew not that ambition was deny'd
To woman; and I had that pride to think
I knew as much as the Pleuronian prince

Of my life's practice. And your murmurs say
I speak to the purpose. Thanks. Encourag'd thus
By your approvance, I might slight, as sand
In a summer's gust, the annoyance from one man
Put upon me, a harmless woman, but not
Defenceless, were I so provok'd to try
My weapons against his. But since my presence
Breeds difference here, I will withdraw, to bide
With Deïaneira in the women's rooms
The issue of the hunt, and then betake me
Home to my country.

Œn. No! Hear'st thou that cry
That echoes me? seest thou those waving arms?
Thou art one of the band, and not the least. Let him,
Who alone of all gives neither voice nor hand
Acclaiming, leave us.

Mel. Wherefore? Let him stay.
I, I will see, that she who is thron'd among us,
In our hearts and eyes, shall suffer no attaint
From treasonous speech or malice.

Thes. Son of Œneus!
Hold'st thou so cheap my favor? And fear'st thou not
To rouse once more the virgin's startled pride
By thy untoward zeal? There is no cause
For difference. In our troop let Prothous take
Position where he lists. Then Schœneus' daughter
Will grace the happier side. Or rather, thou,
Our royal host, choose where the ivory quiver
Shall glitter in our van.

Com. No, let the maid
Her own election make. We yield not, any,
Our claims to the honor, to which all save one
Aspire with jealous longing.

Œn. So 't were best;
Fitter for Atalanta, and from me
Lifting the burden of a difficult choice,
Invidious, if impartial.

Thes. Speak thou, then,
O royal maiden.

Atal. Were my will to choose,
My place would be with thee, illustrious Prince,
Peirithoös and the heroes thou wilt lead.
But Prothous would not go with Œneus' son,
And should not in their mutual ire. Thus then,
Scorning comparison with such as I,
He would be lost to us wholly, where my will
Would have him witness what a woman dares
And learn to rate my quiver by his spear.
Therefore, I take my lot with Meleagros.
Nor is it with regret. No, 't is a joy,
Since I may not exult in Theseus' lead,
To follow one so ardent in my cause,
Who for my sake sets nothing by the hate
Of his near kin; and for he is withal
His son for whom we are gather'd, and whose halls
Right royally have receiv'd us, adds to joy
Contentment as from duty and right observ'd.

Thes. Blest art thou, Meleagros. On thy front

I see already Victory lay her wreath;
For thou hast taken from us our best head,
And our most dexterous hand; and Artemis,
Though we make battle against her wrath, will stay
Its desolation for her votary's sake.

Œn. Now to the temple, where the rites await.
Lead thou, O son of Ægeus, and thou, son,
Take by the hand thy fortune. In her smile
Fate beckons thee to victory; though defeat
Might even have relish, shar'd by such compeer.

The company move up, THESEUS *leading, followed directly by* ATALANTA *and* MELEAGROS, *to the entrance of the hall,* ŒNEUS *standing aside.* COMETES *and* NESTOR *behind, in the foreground.*

Com. He seems prepar'd for either.

Nest. She as well.
They are well mated.

Com. Thou forgett'st his spouse.
He has no right to look so radiant here,
Basking in foreign beauty.

Nest. I see not
That he has need. The star that beams within
Is brighter to my judgment, as its light
More fits the sex. With that proud eagle nose,
Those fiery eyes, and that audacious mouth,
Shines Atalanta more a handsome youth
Than a true woman.[18] It is our turn to move.

As Nestor and Cometes go up,

the Drop falls.

ACT THE THIRD

SCENE. *A remote part of the plain before Calydon.*

Enter
THESEUS; MELEAGROS, *with the hide and tusks of the boar;* ATALANTA; PROTHOUS; COMETES; AMPHIARAOS; PEIRITHOÖS; TELAMON; *Huntsmen, attendants of the princes, bearing certain wounded, and the bodies of* ANCÆUS *and* EURYTION, *which* EPOCHOS *and* PELEUS *accompany.*

Thes. Here halt we and decern the spoil: that thus
The rightful victor may at the very gates
Be recognized triumphant. Ye, who bear
The sad load of our wounded and our dead,
Proceed at once to the city. Goest thou too,
O mourner of Ancæus?[19] Bear his head
With honor, who has fallen as brave men fall,
Albeit not in battle. Nor grieve so much
Over Eurytion, O sad-brow'd Peleus.
Thine was an accident that might have fallen
To me or Meleagros, had the Fates
So will'd it, or had Phœbus adverse turn'd

Our javelins aside.

Exeunt EPOCHOS, PELEUS, *and the bearers of the slain.*

The day, O friends,
Full of exciting peril, and not free
Of loss to be deplor'd, has issued well.
Though Epochos and Peleus, duty-led,
May not be heard, yet let your voice pronounce,
You others, who among ye, of all those
Whose points have drawn the monster's blood, deserves
Alone the immortal honor of the spoils.
Ye turn from one to another and look to me.
Must I then speak? This royal maiden first,
As was to be expected, gave a wound.
Then Amphiaraos follow'd.[20] But not one,
Nor all of the many that in succession struck,
Avail'd to harm. Sole Meleagros' spear
Brought to a stand the hunted, and his sword
Achiev'd the difficult conquest. If not then
To Atalanta, as the first to wound,
Be given the spoils, they must of right be his
Who overcame and slew the beast.

Proth. Not more
Than I and others whose spearheads and broad blades
Were purple with the same blood as dy'd his.

Mel. After his struck the spring in which ye dipp'd them
And made its purple easier to flow.

Proth. Must this be borne?

Mel. 'T is truth, and chafes but thee,

Not Oïcleides, nor those other chiefs
Who are thy betters, and who know my spear
Made safe thy venture. Atalanta sole ——

Thes. She speaks, O Meleagros. Let her voice,
Whose hand was foremost, now be heard of right,
If not decide. This even thy ire, O Prothous,
Must needs accord.

Atal. Unhappy am I truly,
Who have been the cause unweeting of this strife.
I would I had been last who was foremost here,
Foremost though not most skilful nor most bold,
Foremost indeed by sufferance of him
Who has proven most bold and skilful. But since chance
More than my merit wills that Ægeus' son
Should find I have some claim — Peace yet awhile,
Disdainful, passionate, and ill-manner'd prince!
Some claim I say to the spoils, I wave my right,
If I have really such — I wave it here,
As is but simply just, and to you all,
To all save one, appealing, and most of all
To thee, our royal leader, I ask to whom
Should fall these trophies, but to him whose arm
Snatch'd them in victory from imminent death,
And now bears up their enormous weight as stanchly
As if but a blood-wet mantle and light helm.

Thes. Daughter of Schœneus, thou hast spoken well,
After my own heart, and the hearts of all
Who are here unbias'd: witness those loud cheers,
Those waving arms, and glad looks, whereby all,

Save the day's rightful hero and his kin,
Token approvance. Keep thou then the spoils,
O Prince of Calydon, that grace thy manhood.

Mel. If by the general will I dare retain them,
'T is but to lay them at the maiden's feet,
Who taught the way to win them and inspir'd.

Proth. She shall not have them! If thou wav'st the right
Falsely awarded thee, 't is to me they come,
Next victor to thyself and thy near kin,
Not to thy leman. [*Stoops to lift the spoils. Mel. sets his foot on them.*

Mel. Dar'st thou? Wilt thou —— Then,
Let this chastise thee.

Thes. Part them.

Proth. 'T is too late;
I have my death-wound.

Mel. Thou hast on thyself
Brought it.

Proth. I do defy thee, and would still,
Could I stand up, do battle for my right
Against thy arrogance, and that unsex'd maid
Who would —— Avenge me, O brother.

Com. Gone? So soon?
Avenge I will: not thee alone, but her,
Whom, faithful like her mother and as fair,[21]
Thy murderer, hot with an adulterous lust,
Insults and seeks to outrage. Come thou!

Mel. Stay,
Thou madman and maligner. Flows not fresh

Thy brother's blood?

Nest. O princes! Mighty chief!
Let them not fight; for good Althæa's sake,
For generous Œneus'!

Atal. And for mine, for mine!
Wouldst thou a second murder on thy soul,
O rash Cometes? No, no! keep them back.

Com. Stand from before him, thou unhappy cause
Of all this strife.

Mel. Fear not, O generous maiden;
My mother's other brother is safe from me.

Com. From thee? Advance, adulterer.

Thes. Drop your points,
Both of you. He who first ——

Com. Come from her wing,
Thou skulking paramour. This for Prothous' sake.
[*slightly wounding Mel.*

Mel. Thou wilt then, ha? Upon thy passionate head
Be thy own blood.

They fight, despite the interposition of the princes, and COMETES *falls.*

Com. 'T is done. And all of thee,
Ill-omen'd virgin, whom I lov'd too well,
As he does falsely. Seek not for revenge,
O my Couretes: I am — fairly slain. [*Dies.*

Thes. That honest wish will bear no fruit. Already,
Lo where a teller of the twofold tale
Makes for the river.[22] War will blaze anew
Between fierce Pleuron and her kindred race

Too prone to quarrel, nor can man foretell
The setting of this day which rose so fair.
Lift up the new dead. Look not so down-cast,
Ill-fated Meleagros. Shed not tears,
O Schœneus' daughter. Ere to-morrow's dawn,
There may be more to weep for than this wo.

While the attendants are lifting the bodies,
Meleagros standing near with head deject,
the Drop falls.

Act the Fourth

Scene. *As in Act I.*

Althæa. Deïaneira. Cleopatra.

Dei. Thou art not easily jealous, Cleopatra.
Thou needst not be. With that heart-winning smile,
Those Hera eyes, that skin the sun burns not,
What is to fear in Atalanta's glow,
Her brow imperious and her manlike mien,
And that high nose with curve too like my own
To wake love-fancies?

Alth. Yet Alcides saw
No terror in its outline; and these men
Have their caprices often like ourselves.
But, fair Alcyonè, as thy mother call'd thee,[23]
That art as true as she, thou needst not doubt
More than she did lov'd Idas, whose great heart
Was not more sound than Meleagros' own,
Where beats no pulse disloyal.

Cle. I do not doubt.
My lord admires the huntress as I do,
And loves her as I do love and all men must,
True-hearted as she is and frank to utter
What rises from her heart, and that alone.

He honors all our sex in honoring her,
And I but love him more that he does. Next his,
May her hand be most fortunate.

Dei. Next his
It may; but not before his. Where my brother strides,
And with a hostile purpose, Death behind
Stalks as his servitor; and save Ægeus' son,
And one more, moves no hero on this earth
That is his match.

Alth. Thy uncles are as brave,
Though not so large of thews.

Cle. That tale, O mother,
Of Prothous' scorn and Meleagros' ire,
Believ'st thou it?

Alth. Believe, but fear not therefore.
Hot though of mood, thy spouse must still forbear
His mother's blood, nor can that blood forget
He is my son. Proceed we to the fane.
The gods, that for the day's success receive
Our anxious prayers, will listen to our vows
For concord, and the sacrificial smoke,
With our hearts' incense fraught, make welcome both.

Enter
EPOCHOS *and* PELEUS,
followed by bearers with the bodies of
ANCÆUS *and* EURYTION.

What bring ye, princes? — Not Ancæus dead?

Eurytion too! Alas, we have been too slack!
My brothers?

Cle. And my husband?

Dei. Meleagros?

Speak, is he safe?

Epoch. Safe, lady, as are both
Of Thestius' sons.

Alth. O joy for all! and thanks
To the most high gods.

Cle. Deep thanks.

Dei. And how the day?
Is the boar slain? has Meleagros won?

Epoch. Our sorrowful duty took us from the plain
Where they adjudge the spoil. But Œneus' son
Was the chief victor, and his lusty arm
And shoulder bore the monster's hide and tusks
Even when we left.

Dei. I knew it! Who is like
My brother!

Cle. And my spouse.

Alth. Thou radiant god,
Whose darts give absolute death, all laud to thee,
And grateful honor, who didst unstring thy bow,
And shake the purpose of thy sister's heart
Justly indignant. Thanks, O golden-hair'd,
For my heroic son, for Thestius' sons
My brothers thanks. A wolf shall smoke to thee,
And the swart crow his feathers tinge in blood
Upon thy altar, while to her, thy twin,

A lamb shall bleat in sacrifice. But oh,
We are unjust, my daughters, and selfish-cruel,
Forgetting the grief of others in our joy.
Ai for Ancæus! Thou didst never taste,
As thou wast told, that vintage, hapless king,
Disdainful of presagement like my son.[24]
How did he fall, O Epochos?

Epoch. Driv'n to his fate
By his rash courage, and too generous pride
Aspiring to be first. Even while he lay
Gor'd with that frightful wound, — there, where thou seest
The blood-soak'd tunic sticking to the flesh, —
He rais'd his war-axe, battling even in death,
Nor seem'd to wish my succor.

Alth. How still he lies,
How pale, who was so flush with life and hope
This very morn! So may ourselves, when Morn
Again looks o'er the mountains, be as pale,
As still. [*Pause.*
But thou, why standest thou so mute,
Bent o'er Eurytion,[25] gloomily deject,
O son of Zeus-born Æacos? Why that sign,
Repelling with thy palm, as if in horror
My wistful sympathy?

Epoch. Ask him not. Thou seest.
Fate turn'd his javelin —— What avail the love
Of the immortals and regard of men,
When Destiny is adverse? Hapless Peleus

Renews the grief of his paternal isle,[26]
Here by the Euenos; and ——

Enter
Servants of the Thestiadæ
bearing their bodies, and followed by
NESTOR.

Alth. More dead!
Dei. O horror,
Mother!
Alth. Cometes? — Prothous? — Both? Thou didst
Not tell of this! Why didst thou keep it hid? —
Accursed day! — O Prothous! O my pride!
My brave, my handsome brothers! Ai, ai! — Answer!
Why saidst thou they were safe?
Epoch. I saw them so.
Alth. Saw? And the hunt was over? Ah! — Speak, thou,
O son of Neleus.
Nest. Be more calm. They quarrel'd
Over the spoil. —
Alth. They? Who? Not my brothers.
Nest. No.
The prince, thy son, would give to Atalanta ——
Alth. My son! Did Meleagros do this deed? Art dumb?
Speak out in one word. Did he do this murder?
O my brave brothers! — My!—— Speak it. Was it he?
Nest. He and Cometes fought. —
Alth. They fought? Where then

Was Prothous? How did Prothous fall?
Murder'd! struck down by that ——
Nest. He us'd
Insulting and despiteful acts and words ——
Alth. Insulting and despiteful? What could be
The insult and despite should arm his hand
Against his uncles? Thou insult'st to say so.
Murder'd, and foully. They shall be aveng'd.
Here in your gore, scarce clotted, O my lov'd,
My brave, my beautiful, I dip my hands,
And swear to exact atonement from that heart
More savage than the boar's. Hear, ye Erinnyes! —
Deï. Mother! he is your son!
Cle. Have pity, mercy!
Alth. Had he then either? Is not that my blood?
My father's blood? Look there. They were, this morn,
Active and brave as he. But now —— Look! look!
I will avenge them; on my body's fruit,
Blood of my blood, I will have life for life.
I swear it by this gore which now I taste,
Press'd to these lips which never will feel more
Their known caress. My brothers! O my brave!
Nest. Lady, add not the terror of thy vows
To what is raging now. Thou hast revenge.
Hear'st thou that din? The city is astir.
The men of Pleuron are in battle now
With thy son's followers and with our band
Of heroes from the chase, and press them hard.
I must be gone to assist them.

Epoch. Come, O Peleus;
Thou wilt forget thy sorrow in the fight.
For Theseus and for Œneus! [*Exeunt Epoch. and Pel.*
Alth. But stay, thou,
Till thou hast heard me out. Then bear the tale
To Meleagros.
Nest. He is wounded now. Relent,
Thou mother, though a sister.
Cle. On our knees,
We adjure thee, we, his sister and his wife.
He has been driven to anger.
Alth. Driven?
Dei. O mother,
Thou wouldst not have him wanting in that fire
Thyself now burn'st with? On my life, my brother
Was sore abus'd. Was he not, Prince of Pylos?
Alth. Let not the Pylian speak. Look there. Those lips,
Pallid and speechless, answer. And they say,
Heaven hears no plea for murder. And to me
They call, with their mute clamor, Life for life.
I kneel beside you; but to smite the ground
With this blood-bolter'd hand, and pray the gods,
Hereunder who respond to human vows
Like mine for vengeance upon human crime.
Hear, Hades! let thy curses on his head,
The head of the god-defying, him who scoffs
At fate and prophecy, and sets his heart,
In its brute passion and ferocious force,
Above maternal reason and the claim

Of blood maternal, — let my curses ——

Deï. No,

We will not stay, nor spouse nor sister, we,
To listen to such horror. Be thou mad,
O mother, in thy rage, our prayers shall rise
To Heaven for Meleagros whom thou wrong'st,
Nor less for thee. Farewell, O uncles. Not now
Are we allow'd to weep ye, though we wail
In heart your timeless deaths. O son of Neleus,
Bear to my brother, with my mother's wrath,
Our sorrow and our faith. We know him guiltless
Of aught but passion and manly ire.

Alth. Stay both.

Thou took'st from me all power to interrupt,
Unnatural daughter. Stay, and thou O prince,
Till I have shown my purpose. Tell him then,
What thou shalt see. I have his life in my coffer.
Stay till I bring it; then go, to see him die.

Cle. No, no, thou wilt not! thou canst not, O mother!

Alth. Cling not to me. It is in vain.

Nest. What wouldst thou,
O royal lady? What means she?

Deï. 'T is the brand
The Mœra gave, whose core, our mother thinks,
Shuts in his life. She would destroy it.

Alth. I will.

Deï. Be not relentless! for thy own sake, mother!
Embrace her knees with me, O Cleopatra.
Beseech with us, O Nestor.

Nest. Be adjur'd,
O thou unhappy! If a sister thou,
Art thou not more, a mother and a wife?
Is thy son guilty, think'st thou that one crime
O'erdoes another? All his forfeit blood
Pour'd on thy brothers will not refill their veins,
Nor bring back to those ghastly cheeks one flush
Of real life. Cometes' dying words
Forbad revenge and own'd him fairly slain.
Alth. It was his great soul. But how fell the other?
Speak not. I have heard thee; and I stand unshaken.
Life shall have life. I have sworn it by the blood
Which crimsons yet my fingers. Let me go.
Nest. Woman, thou art unsex'd. Hast thou well thought
There are gods above? Not Hades hears alone
Thy impious vows; nor for thee, but against,
The Erinnyes lift the unsparing scourge. Be wise.
Over that heart which rages, swells the breast
Where Meleagros suck'd. His little hands,
Feel'st thou not still their pressure, and his lips
Drawing the stream whose fountain was thy blood?
Alth. Ay, and in this my body feel his weight
And feeble yerk and quiver. But the blood
Which fashion'd and there fed him drew its spring
From Thestius; and those there are Thestius' sons.
Thou appeal'st, upbraid'st in vain. — Fight thou without,
O cruel Meleagros; here, within,
Thy thread of life is measur'd, and thou shalt fall
Not by the foeman, but thy mother's hand. —

Why dost thou keep me, thou? Thou dost not then
Mock at my threats, and disbelieve as he,
The godless and fate-scorning?

Nest. What to think
I know not, but I hold it folly and sin
To mock at destiny or incense high Zeus
By hesitating faith. Now let me hence:
The fight sounds nearer. Be adjur'd once more.

Alth. Stay! but a moment. Thou shalt not be deem'd
Laggard for me. When thou hast seen the brand
Rekindled, go then to the field and tell
My cruel son thou hast seen his life's fire burning
Fast into ashes by his mother's hand.

As Althæa hurries out,

the Drop falls.

Act the Fifth

Scene. *As before.*

A brazier of live coals. Althæa
holding over them a half-charred billet of wood.
Nestor, Deïaneira, *and* Cleopatra
standing near, with looks of mingled horror and amazement.

Alth. Here in your ghastly presence, butcher'd sons
Of royal Thestius, and yours ye brave who fell
Not as they fell, slain by a kinsman's hand,
I give to natural vengeance and to right
The life I bare to nature. Fall, thou brand,
Accursed, on the fire where is your home,
And whence unwise I snatch'd you. As the heat
Consumes your redden'd core, so shall the flame
Of a once loving mother's rage lick up
The hot blood of his vitals, till no drop
Of life remains in the veins that were too swollen
With pride and passion to have natural heat. —
Cle. Have mercy, O mother! —
Deï. By the dead themselves
We adjure thee! —
Nest. For the living and the dead.
Alth. Burn quickly, fire; do thy fated work

At once, O brand, and crumble; that my heart
May not have time to falter, nor my hand
Snatch thee again in foolishness away
Ere justice is accomplish'd.

Nest. She is lost
To reason as to feeling. Let us hope
The gods put never into mortal hands
The power to influence fate. Yet call the King,
Who may alone control her. O anxious spouse
And sister, I seek your lov'd one in the field.

Alth. Tell him, while thou didst talk the fire burn'd on.
Tell him, if yet in life to hear thee tell,
I stir the coals. See. As these sparks shoot up,
And fall and die on the instant, so, swart king
Who reignest in Erebus, but whose sceptre sways
Wherever on Earth men die; and thou, the beautiful,
Rapt from bright Enna and compell'd to share
His ebon[27] throne, made pitiless as he;
Ye too who stand at their right hand and their left, —
Ye of the fireless sacrifice wherewith
No wine is mingled,[28] and ye other three
Who spin and wind the thread of human life, —
Servants of Zeus, joint agents of his will,
Remorseless in pursuit of filial crime,
Hear me: as rise and fall and die these sparks,
So let his life's fire wholly be extinguish'd;
Then take me to yourselves; for which I shear
And give to the fire this forelock, unto thee,
Child of Earth-Mother,[29] that I may lie down

And sleep with the slayer and slain.

As Nestor, who has been retreating to the door,
is about to disappear,
Enter
MELEAGROS, *borne on the arms of four men*
and followed by ATALANTA.
NESTOR *takes his place by the latter.*
Then enter (while Althæa speaks) servants with a low couch,
on which they place the wounded hero.

Ah! Thou art come.

Mel. And dying, O mother.

Alth. Dying? 'T is of me.
Seest thou the brand?

Mel. I see, — and have been told
Thy unnatural purpose. But my life flows out
By twenty wounds made by the foemen's spears,
More fatal than my uncle's.

Enter ŒNEUS.

Œn. O my son! —
Thou woman! —— Ho! bring water! 'T is not yet
Too late to save the brand.

Mel. It is for me.
Let the wood burn. My mother will weep blood
When I am dead, — and dead, as she will think,
Through her. O Atalanta, let not tears bestain

Thy virgin cheeks. My Cleopatra, come
Close to my side. Thou, Deïaneira dear,
Whose brave heart is too swollen to let thee speak,
Kiss me. Now comfort thou our sire. He stands
Lost, as thou seëst, in his passion of grief,
Unwecting what to do. O cruel mother,
So stern and pallid o'er thy futile task,
Though the gods have not given thee power to harm ——
Alth. They have to wreak their vengeance. On these coals
Shall fall no drop of water.

Enter
THESEUS, *with* PERITHOÖS *and others.*

Mel. [*half-rising.*] Is all well?
Thes. The foe have fled, and Calydon is sav'd.
But at what cost, O Meleagros!
Alth. Not
The cost of victory. Œneus' son lies there,
Waiting to join his uncles, whom he slew ——
Thes. Not unprovok'd, and one in self-defence.
Atal. With a man's spirit, resentful of the wrong
Done to a guest, a woman and his friend.
Well may I weep, O hero: but for me ——
Thou mother, who stand'st so tearless and so fix'd,
Watching those embers with that stony look
As if thou wast the Mœra, wilt thou see
Thy only son, the generous and the brave,
Pass from thee unconsol'd? Is not his blood,

Shed for his sire, his people, for thyself,
Enough atonement? Vent on me, the cause,
Though innocent, of these woes, thy vengeful wrath,
But spare to him one word, one sign, one look,
Of pity.

Mel. Mother!

Alth. Meleagros. — No,
Thou shalt not see me weep.[30] That tender voice —
Thy boyhood's — shall not make mine break. I have sworn it:
Life shall have life. But not for that alone
Thou diest, O cruel; thou hast mock'd the gods.
Else would they not have sanction'd my revenge.

Mel. The gods that are high above us are too high
To punish man for reason, or to make
Their rational worship blasphemous. If my death
Is other than the sequel of my acts
Of rashness and hot blood, it is the due
Exacted for my ancestor, whose crime
Pollutes my veins through thee, O Thestius' child.
When thy sire's foresire slew Apollo's sons,
So deem'd, and to their ravish'd kingdom gave
Or left his name,[31] thus for all future song
Recording his dishonor and his crime ——
My breath grows short. —

Alth. The fire is dying out.

Œn. Althæa! ——

Dei. } *together.*] Mother! ——
Cle. }

Œn. Deï. Cle. [*nearly together.*] Save him!

Mel. 'T is too late —
Both for the brand and me. If human gore
Gives solace to the dead, my veins are drain'd,
Not for my uncles, but Apollo's sons.
The god has taken us three.[32] Farewell, O friends —
And lov'd ones. Blessings, mother, upon thee —
Even for thy curses, which have done — no harm.
[*Dies.*

Alth. Lo, the last ember ashes.

Thes. And lo, thy son.

Alth.[33] Not dead? Thou dost not say it! Slain by me?
By me — his mother! How his bold man's lips
Have fallen, which I have kiss'd so oft. O quick,
Bind up that jaw before it be too fix'd, —
And close those eyes — those eyes — which never more —
Never — never —— I cannot do it: I can not,
Can not, now see. — He bless'd me when he died —
Me his destroyer. — Lay his large limbs straight.
The curse indeed is on my father's house;
And I have given it —— O my brave! my tears
Rain fast enough now, now. But I should weep —
Thou saidst it — Meleagros — tears of blood.
It is a fit atonement. Wait for me:
Thou too shalt have life for life. I vow it.
[*Exit hastily.*

Thes. Save her,
Deïaneira! Atalanta, save!

To Cleopatra leave the dead; to me,
The unhappiest of sons, the afflicted sire.

ATALANTA *and* DEÏANEIRA *hasten after Althæa.*
CLEOPATRA *kneels, embracing the head of the hero, over which her hair falls disheveled.*
THESEUS, *stooping tenderly, touches the shoulder of Œneus, who, with his head to the floor, is at the foot of the couch.*

The Curtain falls.

NOTES TO MELEAGROS

1.—P. 5. DEÏANEIRA.] The reader will please sound the first *e* as *a* in *fate*, and the first *i* as *e* in *me*. The name is, I need hardly say, the Greek form of what we write, after the Latins, *Dejanira*, but sound so harshly, not in their way, but our own, *Dedj-a-ni'ra*. Ovid, who adopts the Greek termination for *Meleagros*, also makes *Deïanira* of five syllables, as here.

In the name *Meleagros*, sound the first syllable like the corresponding one in *melon*, and the *a* as *a* in *father*. *Œn'eus* is of two syllables, like *The'seus*, *Æ'geus*, and the like.

2.—P. 6. *I lack not daring, and my chariot wheels Have outstripp'd theirs* —] Deïaneira, reputed (in after days) to have been born of Althæa by Dionysus (Bacchus), as Meleagros by *Ares* (Mars,) was skilled in charioteering, and warlike: Αυτη δε ἡνιοχει, και τα κατα πολεμον ησκει. She was betrothed and afterward married to Heracles, who had contended with Achelous because of her. APOLLOD. *Bibl.* I. viii. p. 113, *in Fragm. Histor. Grace.* Mülleri (Paris. 8° 1841:) T. I.

3.—P. 6. *Whom the world knows already, for his deeds, As*

Heracles—] "Heracles" (or, as we write it, after the Latin, *Hercules*) is a name of honor. Previously, the hero bore but his patronymic. "Nomen habet ab ηρα, i. e. χαριν, et του κλεος: ηρα est per apocopen ab ηρανα et επιηρανα, idque ab εραω amo. * * * Ante nominatus fuerat Αλκειος, ab avo ejus paterno: post Pythius ei nomen dedit Ἡρακλῆς, his versibus: Ἡρακλεην δε σε Φοιβος επωνυμον εξονομαζει, ἡρα γαρ ανθρωποισι φερων, κλεος αφθιτον ἐξεις. Ex quo apparet etymologia nominis, quia grata multa contulit humano generi viribus suis. Spiritus asper vero est Atticus." DAMM. *in nom.*

4.—P. 6. *Would he were here!*] He was in Lydia, undergoing his expiatory servitude. — In the preceding line, *Hera* is *Juno.*

5.—P. 7. *Thou wast then seven days old:* etc. etc.] . . του δε οντος ἡμερων ἑπτα, παραγενομενας τας Μοιρας φασιν ειπειν· τοτε τελευτησει Μελεαγρος, οταν ὁ καιομενος επι της εσχαρος ὑλος κατακαῇ. APOLLOD. *ubi s.*

6.—P. 8. *Œneus' son Should dread celestial anger.*] The boar, the chase of which gives rise to the incidents and catastrophe of the story, is fabled to have been sent by Artemis (Diana) to avenge the unintended slight put upon her by Œneus, when, sacrificing to the other gods in acknowledgment of a bountiful harvest, he omitted her divinity. — *Mœra* in the text is *Fate.*

7.—P. 9. — *the flood Which bears my wife's unhappy grandsire's name.*] The *Euēnos* [*Eve'nus*]. Evenus was father of Marpessa, the mother of Cleopatra. His daughter's suitors were required to contend with him in a chariot-race. Those that were unsuccessful were decapitated. At last Idas, brother of Lynceus and son of Aphareus, obtained the prize; whereupon

Evenus slew his own horses and threw himself into the river which, called Lycormas, took afterward his name. It is, next to the Achelous, the largest river in Ætolia. It has its source in Mt. Œta, and divided Pleuron from Calydon.

Mt. *Taphiassus* is on the coast in the neighborhood of ancient Calydon. *Trichônis* is one of the lakes of Ætolia. The *Gulf* is the Gulf of Corinth, which bounds Ætolia on the south.

8.—P. 9. — *through Pleuron's stem.*] Thestius (brother of Evenus) was son of Demonice by Mars. Demonice was daughter of Agenor, as Parthaon, the father of Œneus, was his son; and Agenor was son of Pleuron. Thus Pleuron was the common ancestor of Œneus and Althæa.

Hades (above) is *Pluto; Ares*, *Mars*. *Hermes* (below) is *Mercury*.

9.—P. 13. — *unfavor'd of the skies* —] Œneus' career was full of trouble to its close, when, disgusted with the scene of his many calamities, he left it in self-banishment, and died on the way to Argolis.

10.—P. 14. *Were they all of our inland* —] Where the people were renowned for tenacity and valor.

11.—P. 14. — *who slew its Crommyan dam* —] Theseus.

12.—P. 15. — *Schœneus' daughter* —] This is the parentage usually assigned to Atalanta: and Schœneus with mythologists and lexicographers is made to be King of Scyros, a rocky island of the Cyclades. Apollodorus, in his ill-digested book, makes her in one place (where he enumerates the Calydonian hunters — I. viii.) daughter *of Schœneus of Arcadia*, and in another (when giving the particulars of her history — III. iv.) tells us her parents

were Iasus and Clymene; and as Iasus was the son of Lycurgus of Arcadia, Cepheus and Ancæus, both present at the chase, would be her uncles. Ovid calls her, as the child of Schœneus, "Schæneia" (Met. x.), and (*ib.* viii.), as of Arcadia, (supposing he does not mean another of the name,) "Nonacria" and "Tegeæa" (from *Nonacris* and *Tegea* or *Tegeum*, towns of that kingdom.) So that we find respectable authorities asserting there were two heroines of the name, between whom they divide the romance of Atalanta's story. These inconsistencies or variations in ancient fable are often very embarrassing.

13.—P. 16. *Under Iäson* —] In the Argonautic expedition, — as mentioned by Œneus in Act I.

14.—P. 16. *He who is kin*, etc.] Their mothers were cousins according to Plutarch, Æthra being the daughter of Pittheus and Alcmena of Lysidice, children of Pelops and Hippodamia. *Vita Thes.* § vii. *Op.* T. I. ed. Reiske (Lips. 8° 1774,) p. 15.

15.—P. 17. — *my sire Had for my sex the same disdain as thou.*] Disappointed in not having a male child, he exposed the infant born to him, which was suckled by a bear and grew up to become the woman Theseus presently describes. APOLLOD. III. iv. p. 164 *ed. cit.*

16.—P. 18. *Nor sounds the ivory quiver on her shoulder* —]

> Ex humero pendens resonabat eburnea lævo
> Telorum custos —— OVID. *Met.* VIII. 320.

17.—P. 21. — *Lcto* —] Latona.

18.—P. 26 — *more a handsome youth Than a true woman.*] Ovid, before me, so prefigured the mien of the huntress:

—— facies, quam dicere vere
Virgineam in puero, puerilem in virgine, posses. (*n. s.* 322)

It is an inevitable judgment, from her pursuits and the fable of her life.

19.—P. 27. *O mourner of Ancæus.*] Epochos.

On the pediment of a temple of Minerva in Tegea, Pausanias, who was told it was the work of Scopas, saw a sculptured representation of the Calydonian boar-hunt. Among the other figures, Epochos is described as sustaining in act to raise him (ανεχων) Ancæus, already wounded and holding up his battleaxe. *Lib.* VIII. xlv. p. 693, *ed. Kuhn.* Lips. in fol. 1696.

The accidental death of Eurytion by the javelin of Peleus, presently alluded to, is mentioned by Apollodorus: I. viii. p. 113 *ed. c.*

20.—P. 28. *Then Amphiaraos followed.*] Apollod. ib. 114.—It is he whom, afterward in the text, Meleagros designates by his patronymic, *Oicleides.*

21.—P. 30. —*faithful like her mother and as fair*—] Marpesa, Marpessa, or Marpissa, Cleopatra's mother, when given the choice by Jupiter, preferred her husband to Apollo. Homer mentions her beauty and alludes to her fidelity in Phœnix' story of Meleagros (*Il.* ix.) Idas, her husband and Cleopatra's father, is included among the hunters by Ovid: *Et velox Idas.*

22.—P. 32. — the river.] The Evenus, which, as said above, divided Pleuron from Calydon.

23.—P. 33. —*as thy mother call'd thee*—] In memory of her grief when carried off by Apollo.

Την δε τοτ' εν μεγαροισι πατηρ και ποτνια μητηρ

Αλκυονην καλεεσκον επωνυμὸν, ὀυνεκ' αρ' αυτης
Μητηρ, Αλκυονος πολυπενθεος οιτον εχουσα,
Κλαι', ὁτε μεν ἑκαεργος ανηρπασε Φοιβος Απολλων.
Hom. Il. IX., 561. text. Wolf. (in Tauchnit. ed. Lips. 1829.)

Alcyone or Alcyon (Halcyon, *Attice*) was the ill-fated wife of Ceÿx, King of Trachinia, on seeing whose drowned body she threw herself into the sea, and was changed into the bird that bears her name. Ceÿx and Halcyon, like Idas and Marpessa, were patterns of conjugal affection. Their story is told, with much beauty and elegance of detail, by Ovid (*Met.* xi.), who has displayed in the narrative certain nice touches of nature that render it very pathetic.

24.—P. 36. *Thou didst never taste*, etc.] On a certain occasion, when overlooking the labor of his vineyard, he was told he would never drink of the vintage. When the wine was made, he was about to try it, reminding the speaker of his prophecy, who answered by repeating the proverb: Πολλα μεταξυ πελει κυλικος και χειλεος ακρου· *There is many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip.* At that moment the messenger came from Œneus. Fired at the news, he threw down the untasted cup and hastened to prepare for that expedition in which he was the first to perish.

25.—P. 36. —*Eurytion*—] Apollodorus writes *Eurytion.* But in the usual stories of the eventful life of Peleus, it is *Eurytus*, his father-in-law, whom he is said to have killed in the Calydonian hunt. And to Eurytus is assigned the same parentage which the old grammarian gives to Eurytion, whom, and not Eurytus, Ovid, a century later, names among the heroes.* It is easy to see how the names and the stories have been confounded.

* And inversely, *Eurytion* the Centaur is called, by the same poet, *Eurytus.*

So with Ancæus above. Some make the Ancæus of the vine, who met his death also by a wild boar, to have been the son of Neptune, and the other (of the play) of Lycurgus. Damm (*Lex. Hom. Pind.*) applies to the latter the fable told in Note 24. But there needed not so good an authority for a dramatist, and the confusion between names and events that are of similar sound and character is of frequent occurrence throughout mythology.

26.—P. 37. *Renews the grief of his paternal isle*—]. He had had the misfortune to kill his brother Phocus, or to be accessory to his death; on which account he fled from Ægina to the court of Eurytus in Phthia.

The partiality of the gods for Peleus, and the honor in which he was held by men, are marked by the events of his history. Juno herself is made to say of him (*Il.* xxiv. 61:) . . . ὃς περι κηρι φιλος γενετ' αθανατοισιν.

27.—P. 44. — *ebon throne*—] Homer makes no mention of the wood ἔβενος. But this is no proof that its existence and nature were not known, as well as those of ivory. Hence the use of the epithet here is not properly an anachronism, or violation of costume. I could easily have adopted the other reading, "mournful throne," or for the two verses this one:

"Who shar'st his throne, made pitiless as he."

28.—P. 44. *Ye of the fireless sacrifice wherewith No wine is mingled.*] The *Erinnyes* or Furies.

29.—P. 44. — *Earth-Mother*—] Δημητηρ (Γῆ μητηρ): Ceres.

30.—P. 47. *Of pity.* Mel. *Mother!* Alth. *Meleagros. — No.*] The most natural reading, and thus the first that occurred to me, is:

" Of true forgiveness.
Mel. Mother!
Alth. Meleagros.
No, thou shalt not see me weep."

But the "No" is hypercatalectic; and it is not every reader that would throw the emphasis on "*shalt*": so that the verse might be made to halt.

31.—P. 47. — *to their ravish'd kingdom gave. Or left his name* —] Ætolia (from *Ætolus.*) — "for all future song." "To all future *time*" is the first and better reading; but it makes a rhyme.

32.—P. 48. *The god has taken us three.*] Certain ancient poems, according to Pausanias (X. xxxi. p. 574 *ed. cit.*), made the hero to have been slain directly by Apollo, who took the side of the Couretes.

33.—P. 48. *Not dead? Thou dost not say it!*] Althæa has her eyes fixed on the embers. It is only when Theseus says, "And lo, thy son," she lifts them and sees the dead.

THE NEW CALVARY

A TRAGEDY

BEING THE COMMENCEMENT OF
THE SIXTH VOLUME OF THE DRAMATIC SERIES

BY

LAUGHTON OSBORN

PREFACE TO THE NEW CALVARY

I HAVE written one *Calvary* to suit the prejudices, or the superstitions, of others. It failed to attract attention. I write one now to satisfy myself. I might hope for its success, if one could ever hope success for truth in this world. But truth is a plant of very slow and not always steady growth, and its flower may not open for a thousand years. Let us wait till then.

THE NEW CALVARY

MDCCCLXIX

CHARACTERS, Etc.

Jesus of Nazareth.
Pontius Pila'tus, *Procurator of Judea.*
Joseph Caiaphas, *High-priest.*
Nicodemus,
Joseph of Ramatha'im (Arimathea), } *of the Sanhedrim.*
Judas Iscario'tes,
Simon Pet'ros,
John, } *of Jesus' disciples.*
Marius, *a Subcenturion.*
Two Witnesses *before the Sanhedrim.*
A Scribe.
Malchus, *Chief Servant of the High-priest.*

Camilla, *wife of Pontius.*
Mary Magdalena.

Mary, *Mother of Jesus.* Martha. *Certain of the People.*
Certain of the Disciples. *Roman Soldiers.*

Scene. *Jerusalem and its Environs.*

THE NEW CALVARY

Act the First

Scene I. *The Hall of the Procurator's Palace.*

Pontius. Camilla.

Pon. Thou hast heard to purpose. Wilt thou be a Jew?
Camil. Nor that, nor anything but what I am.
Was I not Roman, I were still thy wife:
Thy people were my people, and thy gods
Would have my worship. 'Tis the Jew book's talk.
Pon. Recited lovingly. 'Tis well, my child.
By Jupiter! I thought thou wast bewitch'd
By this same Jesus. Wherein lieth his charm,
That dames flock wildly to him as he were
Another Attis, or a Bacchus come
With pipe and cymbal and the fruit whose juice
Inflames the passions? Is the man so fair?

Camil. Few are less favor'd.[1] Even in the throng
Of his ignoble followers stands there none
Less mark'd of aspect, while in grace of form
And comeliness of visage there be two
Beside whom seems the Rabbin at first sight
Rudely plebeian. But behold him stand,
With his right arm outstretch'd, his left hand holding
His coarse and scanty habit to his breast,
Look in his eyes, which under their bent brows
Flash lightning, or with sharp imperious glance
Pierce to the very marrow of the soul,
And then again (the brow relax'd and face
Serenely open as a cloudless sky)
Fill with a godlike pity, or a grief
So touching that your own eyes swim in tears
Only to see them, hear his matchless voice,
Now, fiercely vehement, with a prophet's wrath
Denouncing wo, or calling to repent
The reckless guilty, now, subdu'd and sad,
And tender as a lover's whisper, breathe
Lament o'er fallen Israel, or appeal,
With a sublime compassion, to the hearts
Of the afflicted, and though Bacchus' self
Or Berecynthian Attis were beside,
Thou 'dst see but him alone, nor only see,
But hear admiring, ravish'd, not amus'd.

Pon. Thou paint'st a dangerous man. I wonder not
The High-priest dreads him. Even now he seeks
Means to arrest him quietly, and calls

In furtherance my power, not to spare
Should the man's acts condemn him.

Camil. 'Tis the hate
Engender'd of his bigot creed and nurs'd
By fears of change, which, to the proud of place
Who fatten on abuses, give, or wake
Anew, disquiet, when inquiring minds
Seem to observe them closely, or refuse
To be driven unquestioning, like the harness'd brute.

Pon. Thou art wise and pithy, but art wrong in this.
'Tis not his dogmas Caiaphas detests
Or finds pernicious. What to him indeed,
Whether the man be Moses come again,
Or one of those wild ranters, whose stuff'd talk,
Half poetry, half madness, fills the scrolls
Of these capp'd monotheists, sacred held
As their half-savage, narrow-minded laws
And lying histories, as we hold, ourselves,
The Sybil's fragments, scatter'd prate like it?
What, though he were the Essean John[2] himself
Come, with his head on, back again to earth
And his lavations? In his narrow creed
Shut as in walls, the pontiff sits serene,
And smiles at whims he knows his stolid race
Would only scoff at, though ten Christs should spring
Out of this one Messias' head and rave—

Camil. No, preach—

Pon. And preach ten times as loud as he.
No, 'tis his aims, or those his followers have

For his behoof. The liars feign him sprung
Of ancient David, whose long-buried throne
They would unearth, repair its shatter'd seat,
And put him in possession. Mad attempt!
And yet not more so than the many made
By this contentious people, whose strong necks
Still wince and writhe beneath the needful yoke
They never shall shake off.

Camil. Believe it not.
The Rabbin claims no sceptre on the earth,
Save what he wields already o'er the soul.

Pon. That can have no great sway.

Camil. Not now, not here.
But how hereafter? and in other climes?
When the man passes, but his creed remains.
Wilt thou not hear him?

Pon. With his rabble? No.
'Twould add to his influence, and give umbrage where
My place would bid me shun it. 'Tis enough
I put no let on thee.

Camil. Then hear him here.

Pon. Here, in my halls? a Jew? He would not come.

Camil. He would. To him, in his large soul, are one
Both Jew and Gentile, and no place is bann'd,
Since nothing is not cleanly in itself,
Save as man's vices make it. Let him come.

Pon. And make me, as his subtle speech has thee,
A Nazarene in heart, or of his sect?
No, pretty reasoner: nor go thou too oft

To the man's out-door temples, lest thy soul
Learn a new worship, or it be remark'd
To my reproach.

Camil. And be not thou misled
By the designing pontiff, nor thy staff
Put in his hand, wherewith to break the back
Of a good man and harmless.

Pon. Is he such,
Harmless I mean, (for be he good or bad,
That may concern the High-priest, doth not me,)
Thou need'st not fear. My faith, thou know'st, is large
And takes in all religions, and my staff,
If heavy in office for the backs that rise
In insolent rebellion, weighs a straw
On those that bend obsequious to its rule.

Scene II.

In the abode of Mary Magdalena: a mean apartment, dimly lighted by a lamp.

Jesus. John. Simon. Mary.

Ma. Yea, master, would it do thee good, assist
Thy rise to power, or for a moment ease
Thy footstep, I would gladly make my head
A stool for thy feet, not merely wipe them dry
Or dust them with these wicked hairs, whose mass
And fineness, have they been a charm indeed,
Have help'd ensnare my soul and made for me
A vail of shame.

Jesus. If so thou feel it, Mary,
Thy hairs will be a glory. Why then blame
The beauty God has given? In the blood
And the soul's weakness Satan finds alone
His power of mischief, and the ugly fall
As easily as the comely. Nor debase
Thyself to do me service. 'Tis my head
Should lower itself, and doth, for thee and all.
But art thou truly penitent, so pray
Not to be led to evil. Dost thou so?

Ma. Why ask'st thou that, O master?

Jesus. Judas looks
Lovingly on thy beauty.

Ma. Master!

Jesus. Save
John only, who is fairer, is there none
Consorts with thee more gifted with those charms
Of face and form which take at sight the hearts
Of womankind.

Ma. At thy lov'd feet, like Ruth,
Without Ruth's secret hopes, more joy were mine
To lie by the hour, than pillow'd by the side
Of David or of Absalom. One day,
Shouldst thou wed Martha ——

Jesus. That will never be.

Ma. Mary, thy mother, hopes it, and so thinks.

Jesus. Mary my mother hopes and thinks to see
My hands once more reharden to the craft
That was my father's, yet the spikes shall pierce
More easily through my palms' flesh to the planks
Than shall my shut palms drive them. Thou wouldst say,
Should I wed Martha ——

Ma. Thou wouldst have indeed
A gentle and true wife and a fair withal,
Yet all her passion, and she loves thee well,
Would not a tithe make of the least of that
Which fills to the full the brain and grateful heart
Of the poor creature thou didst not despise
When hypocrites ——

Jesus. Wouldst thou then tempt me too?

Ma. Who, master, could do that?

Jesus. All women may,
All men may, if but, for a moment's space,
The heart nods o'er its duty and the eyes
Cease to look upward, Godward. Mary, peace:
Speak never more what fits me not to hear,
Nor these who be with me.

Ma. It had not been dar'd:
But thou, O master, didst seem to see me falling,
Because I fell.

Jesus. They, Mary, who trip once
May after stumble. 'Tis the unsure foot
That cannot be rely'd on to be firm.
Our sins are habits, as our vices are.
Who to himself shall say, he not again
Will do what he hath done, when to have done 't
Itself suggests the doing of it again
And makes it twice more easy? Do not weep;
I not distrust thee, Mary, not in soul.
There thou art wash'd, regenerate; but the flesh
Is the old Adam. See that not the fruit
Held by the tempter make thee twice an Eve.
Lo where he cometh.

Enter JUDAS, —

who betrays surprise and confusion.

Ju. Master, seeking thee.

Jesus. No, on another quest. But why then me?
Ju. Thou art in danger. Caiaphas, 't is said,
Offers great sums for thy arrest.
Jesus. Beware
Lest thou be tempted. [*Turns to go.*
Ma. Thou wilt not yet go?
The night has scarce set in. With thicker dark
Will lie less danger.
Jesus. When the snare is set,
The prey is taken more easily by night:
The shadows that help hide him from pursuit
Conceal too his pursuers. When I fall
Into the pit the proud man digs for me,
Haply 't will be by night.
John. Yet, lord, remain, —
If not till morn, yet till the streets be thinn'd, —
As Mary prays. For our sakes, master.
Si. No.
The moon is not yet risen: deeper dark
Is now than will be. Why should Jesus fear?
Are we not with him? And my arm is strong.
Jesus. Simon, be not too confident. Boast not,
Lest thy scant doing bring thy swollen talk
Into derision. Is 't the Almighty's will,
Hundreds shall not surprise me; if my fate
Points to destruction, one will be enough.
Mary, fear not for me; and for thyself,
Remember what I warn'd thee. [*Leaves with John and Simon.*
Ju. What was that?

Ma. How can I speak it? Didst thou truly come,
Seeking him only?

Ju. No: thou mayst be sure
Not his the image was before my eyes,
When my heart long'd for beauty; and the locks,
Whose flexile, fine-drawn gold weighs more to me
Than were it solid metal of like bulk
Stor'd in the Temple, shadow not his brow.
Was that his meaning? What is it to him?
Turn his own thoughts that way?

Ma. On me? Thou know'st
That cannot be.

Ju. I know it not. His eyes
See everything. How should they fail to mark
The largeness of thy beauty? Is the red
Now in thy cheek, — more dusky than are wont
To bloom the roses love hath planted there ——

Ma. 'T is the dim light —

Ju. — Of that detested lamp,
Which makes it dusky, but not makes the red.
Is't not there summon'd by the thought of him,
Admiring, haply loving, or to love?

Ma. Judas, I will not listen, Where gatt'st thou
The right to so upbraid me? And thou dost
Grievously wrong the master. Were his heart
Open to amorous passion, Martha sole
Would fill its temple. But for me, alas,
Stain'd and degraded ——

Ju. Mary, do not weep, —

Though even thy tears make beauty, even here
Where the thin yellow flame reveals not more
Than it conceals by shadows thy lov'd charms.
But what did Jesus warn thee? Thou art free;
I woo to wed thee, and would do so now,
Wouldst thou consent to it.

Ma. That I never shall.
I have been try'd, found wanting. Wouldst thou take
Dishonor to thy arms?

Ju. Ay, ten times over,
So it came tempting with those long blue eyes,
Tender yet sad, and those full, mournful lips,
Which heat my blood to madness. Do not fear:
Though we be here alone, I am no brute,
Nor yet a villain, though —— What meant he then,
When the talk was of Caiaphas' reward,
By bidding me beware? He dares not think
That I would sell him? Much as I have cause
To hate and to despise him ——

Ma. Hate! Despise!
Despise the master?

Ju. Why wilt thou persist
To call him Master; he is nowise learn'd?

Ma. Ay, in a lore the books teach not, and few
Have ever conn'd as he has. But thyself
Dost so address him.

Ju. When I speak him fair.
So I would style him King, would that bring nigh
The kingdom he hath promis'd. But its wealth,

Like the false water o'er the heated sands
Of the desert, mocks us. Toward it we speed
To find it gone, a phantom of the air.

Ma. Thou thirstest for the unreal. Not of him
Comes the illusion. He hath often said
His kingdom is unearthly.

Ju. But, save John,
Who of us men believes that senseless rant?
Doth Andrew? Thomas? James? He sham'd me too
Before his trusted ones, the girl-fac'd John
And the raw braggart, Simon. Why not keep
His menaces for thee and me, if needed,
For our sole ears?

Ma. Thou know'st it is his use
To speak without reserve, at fitting time,
All things of all men.

Ju. No, he often clouds
His talk with parables. At fitting time,
All things are fit. Was this a fitting time
To give us lessons? thee, for aught I know,
In continence, and me against the lust
Of having, me whom with the rest he keeps
In beggarly indigence, when, in little time,
Would he not dally with the people's wish,
Telling old saws of Heaven, which they list
Only to laugh at, but assume their lead,
As a brave man ought to, he might put us all
In place and power, make Israel once more sing
The song of triumph, hush'd now as the harp

Of vainly-honor'd David, and for me
Change gerahs into talents. Then shouldst thou,
Lov'd Mary, have that place beseems thy charms,
And thy lap fill'd with shekels.

Ma. Worthless all,
Though like thy gerahs they should turn to gold.
Thou art too sordid, as our fathers were,
Hankering for Egypt's fleshpots and the calf
That shone with gold.

Ju. They were a-hunger'd then:
'Twas natural they should long for meat. The calf
Was their familiar worship. So himself
Jesus will teach thee. Are we not both poor?
Look at that lamp. Wants not the brazier coals?
Thou hast not set before me aught to-night,
And I am famish'd. Hast thou not a crust?
A drop of wine?

Ma. I have no wine, scarce oil:
The fire has not been lit: I am not cold.
Thou, closely cover'd, coming from the street,
Canst not yet suffer: and my last of bread
Was given to the master and the twain
Who now were with him.

Ju. And for this, thy thanks
Were a cold warning, seemingly of me,
And, fill'd with himself, he cries to me, so poor,
And who for thy sake, Mary, thine alone,
Covet sufficient, as for thy sole sake
I would I had all that Solomon so lavish'd

On that one perishable House, and thou,
That thou hadst all was brought him by the Queen
Of sunny Saba, — unto me he cries,
Beware of avarice!

Ma. No, "Beware," he said,
"Lest thou be tempted."

Ju. Tempted to do what?
Dost thou believe me, Mary, then, so base,
To sell men's lives for money? Say thou, quick,
Say thou dost not so judge me!

Ma. Not for me
To judge or to condemn thee. Have I not
Myself had need of charitable thought,
Receiv'd and learn'd its lesson? Thou to me
Seemest not evil, Judas; but thy heart
Is sway'd by passion, and thy vehement will
May plunge thee in a moment down some steep
Whereto thou runnest, seeing, not with eyes
Which scan the depth wherefrom is no ascent,
But the verge only, nor that over-well.
Why shouldst thou hate the master? how despise
Him who is wise as Moses, more devout
Than Samuel, and more blameless, and whose tongue
Rings on the heart as not Esaias' did?
There has been none his like, sage, prophet, judge,
From "the beginning"[3] to that godless time
When the last prophet warn'd (but not like him)
Four hundred years ago.

Ju. And this thou say'st,

This think'st? Thou'rt mad! Thou lov'st him!

Ma. Love? I do.

Not with such love, I think, as thou lov'st me:
But if I did, he could not be to thee
A rival or cause envy. Is he not
The master? Humbly I attend his feet,
To catch his lessons, and to be with pride
The handmaid of his servants.

Ju. Glad to part
Thy last crust with the menials and pour out
Thy scanty log of wine.

Ma. My crust, my wine?
I would I had provision, for his sake,
Ample as Solomon's.[4]

Ju. Why not wish as well
A realm as wide?

Ma. From Tiphsah even to Azzah.
Ay, 't were not broad enough for his desert,
Which one day may fill half the expanded world;
And I would make him ruler over all.

Ju. Thou'lt drive me mad. — But give him what thou wilt.
Thou shalt not suffer hunger, thirst, nor cold. [*Leaves.*

Ma. [*calling after him.*
Judas, I want not. [*The door closes.*
Gone! And in such mood!
I needed not the warning. With that ire
Blackening his handsome visage, Haman's own
Were not more hateful, and the bloody hands
Of Joab might sooner stretch to my embrace.

Act the Second

Scene I. *The Valley of Hinnom.*

Jesus *haranguing the multitude.*
Near him, Simon, John, *and others of the Twelve.*
Also near him, but on the outer edge
of the semicircle of people, Nicodemus *and* Joseph *of* Ramathaim. *Farther off, a Scribe.*

Jesus. So Moses taught? Your Moses taught you lore
After the fables of the priests of On.[5]
Witness the death-fruit and the serpent's guile,
And the man molded, as the sculptor molds,
Out of the plastic clay. —[6]

One of People. Hear! he blasphemes.

Jesus. No, he blasphemes who, having inward sight,
Forgets his consciousness. I forget it not,
Nor level to the abasement of the fool,
The juggler, or the palsied of resolve
Who says and unsays, shaking with the breath
Of his own purposes, that dread First Cause
Whose name not one of us is fit to name,
Even if he knew it. Moses knew it not,
Not as ye know it. He was not so bred

To utter it, till he was call'd —— [*A burst of indignation on the part of the people.*

Nic. Nay, hush;

He tells you what the Book says. Moses ask'd
What God Himself reveal'd.[7]

Jesus. What Moses said
Was so reveal'd, — if Moses did so say.
Ye know not that he did. Nay, hear me out.
Not I malign your teacher, that great man,
The God-inspir'd, to whom ye owe it this day
Ye are not idolaters, though Egypt's filth
Still clung to his garments and from Aaron's skirts
Was not shook off, and its vain tinsel'd pomp
Long deck'd your sanctuary, where between
The expanded wings, thence borrow'd, sat, 't was said,
That Awful One, whose majesty nor house,
Nor temple, nor grove, nor lofty mountain-top,
Nor the thick clouds, nor the upheaving sea,
Can anywise contain. —

Another of Peop. What! Nazarene!
Dar'st thou gainsay what God himself ordain'd?

Jesus. Where? In the burning bush? Upon the Mount,
'Mid thunder and with lightning and in clouds,
When the hill trembled and the trumpet blar'd?
Hast thou not heard what hoar Elijah saw,
When, after fasting, on the Mount of God
He stood expectant? And behold! there rose
A strong wind, and the mountain's heart was shook
And the rocks bow'd their foreheads. But the Lord

Was not in the wind. And when the wind had pass'd
An earthquake heav'd, that rent the mountain's frame
And its ribs clave asunder. But the Lord
Was not in the earthquake. Then there rag'd a fire.
Still, the flames held Him not. At last there breath'd
A soft, small voice: and lo, the Tishbite drew
His mantle o'er his face. That soft, small voice
Spoke in the prophet's soul. 'T will speak to you,
If ye will hear it: in a thousand tones
'T would speak to you, but your hearts' ears are stuff'd
And cannot listen.

One of Peop. Why reproach us then
That they hear not?

Jesus. Thou fool! Jehovah comes
Not to the idle and besotted. Seek,
And ye shall find Him; knock, and unto you
It shall be open'd; not in temples, not
Before the altar. But in your own homes,
In darkness and in loneness, by your beds,
Where no man heareth and the eye sees not,
There pray unto the Father, for that light
That shall make plain your pathway, for that voice
That shall encourage, warn, console you, pray
That the small plant of virtue in your souls,
Not wholly wither'd, may grow up and spread,
And by its very shadow make to droop
The undergrowth of vices, hideous weeds,
Which suck their strength from and exhaust the soil
That should make thrive the true tree.

Peop. Not so pray'd
Our fathers.

Jesus. No. They knew not to adore
The Unutterable[8], Him whose voice no man
Hath ever heard, no man will ever hear,
Save in the tongueless echoes of the heart,
Or in the tones of Nature.

Peop. Speaks it then
In thee?

Jesus. Ay, in my heart while thus I teach,
And in the unlock'd hearts of all good men
Among ye who would seek to know the truth,
And who bewail the ignorance and lusts
That tie you down to the earth, whereby no more
Your hearts' ears listen.

Peop. Sayst thou? What made thee
To be erect, us creatures of the field?
Art thou more man than we? Thou look'st it not.

Jesus. But am, in that I trample on the lusts,
Or strive to, which ye set upon your necks,
More slavish in their yoke than is the ox
Before the ploughshare. Yet, ye are not brutes:
No, ye wear clothing, and your garments hide
Your vices, or ye think so, as your sores;
But on your faces, in your cheeks, your eyes,
There God has stamp'd obsceneness, God who gave
Your appetites for use. But ye have set
Your senses up as idols, and your acts
Would shame the very dogs you call obscene.

Hence your corrupted visages. And thus
Hath David, who too serv'd his passions, sung,
When Thou with chastisement rebuk'st man's sin,
Thou mak'st his beauty to consume away
As doth a moth. King David was of men
Comely among the comeliest, but he paid
The penalty of his subjected soul
And overmastering body. So do ye.
The rot of your corruption makes a stain
Your garments cannot hide and gives disgust
Even to your fellows, hideous as yourselves.

Peop. Is this for us to hear? Wilt thou revile
Our wives too? What be they?

Jesus. Like you, whose gods
Are your own entrails and your secrets.

Peop. Out!
Out on the Gentile! He is none of us.

Another. Stain unto Nazareth! thou pretend to teach,
Who art thyself a pagan?

Jesus. Look around.
Was not here Topheth? Is not this the vale
Call'd of the sons of Hinnom? where your sires
Saw o'er the flames their infants lightly pass'd
By votaries of Moloch? Why not build
An altar here to Chemosh, Baäl-Peor?
The Israelites in Chittim saw not worse
When Zimri and his Midian harlot fell,
Pierc'd through the belly by the wrath devout
Of Eleazar's son,[9] nor worse, more late

A thousand years, the captive prophet saw
In visions of the Lord, when by the hair
He was lifted up between the Heavens and earth
From Chebar's bank, and set before the gate
That looketh toward the north, of God's own house,
There in Jerusalem.[10] The Egyptian wives,
The Babylonians whom ye scorn, did not,
Between the setting and the rising sun,
Worse acts than ye do. O adulterous women!
O men as faithless! saw ye each the other,
As I behold you, God-mark'd, ye would cry
Unto the caverns "Hide us!" and the wolves
"Let us be your companions!"

Peop. 'T is enough:
Let him speak nothing further.

Nic. Nay, hear all.
How can it harm ye? Speaks he sooth, his words
May be your medicine, though they relish not:
If false, they pass you as the murmuring wind,
Less sharp than that now blowing, and through which
Ye are come to hear him.

Peop. And to stay to hear,
Will he not make us heathen, which we are not.

Jesus. Yea, 't is your nature. To subdue the heart,
To bend the knees of the spirit, and uplift
The prayerful hands of the soul is too great pain:
To see what takes the sense, to offer up
What costs you but the value of the gift,
To make up your account with Heaven above

As with your creditors on earth, behold
Your daily, only worship. How remov'd
Is this from heathen usage? Think ye then,
It matters in what form or by what name
You adore the Godhead, so it be in prayer
Lowly, heart-felt and penitent? It is
As ye conceive Him; for to know Him else,
To know Him as He is, not you, nor I,
Nor any that did ever or shall live
In the whole world will e'er achieve. Adore
With humbleness, adore with thankful heart,
Adore with penitence, adore with loss
Of self and self denying; that is good:
And whether it be the sun that gives ye warmth,
Which comes of Him, if ye will be so blind
As to believe it is Himself that shines,
Or some misshapen object, can ye be
So dull as think the source whence beauty flows
As well as goodness can indeed be such,
It is all one. — Peace! but a little more.
Think not observances make mortals holy,
Or that mere rites atone repeated sin.
When from their feet your fathers shook the dust
Of Gossen,[11] robbing, if indeed they robb'd,
So meanly those who unsuspecting lent
Their kindly jewels, and committing murder,
Did they commit it, when besmear'd with blood
Their own door-posts were pass'd, while from the gates
Of the Nilotic dwellings came the wail

Of women o'er their children foully slain ——

Peop. Blasphemer! Down with him! Let him speak no more.
It was the hand of God.

Jesus. So dare ye say.
Could the Life-Giver order life destroy'd?
Would the All-Just upon the innocent child
Visit its parents' trespass, or make wade
Up to his ankles in the first-born's blood
His stainless messenger? [12] 'T is ye blaspheme.
Jehovah never sanction'd even the least
Of all your monstrous actions. Such ye dare
Not only boast to have done at his behest, —
Whereby your prophets' and your psalmists' books
Smell of the stench of slaughter and are blurr'd
By fraud and treachery chanted as great deeds, —
But make the very angels at his bid
To have done to aid ye. Up, I say, ye came
Over the sea to Chanaan, with you bringing,
At least your leader, a religion pure,
The secret worship of the Memphian priests,
Not of the people; and what did ye do?
What did your leader teach, — because he knew
Not easily would your sensual lips be wean'd
From the paps of your old usances? Your priests
Took ephods, and the mystic stone of Truth [13]
Glitter'd upon their breasts, your temples had,
Unreck'd the prohibition from the Mount,
Their Sphingian Cherubim, and brazen lamps
Flam'd in the Holy Place, and there were cups

For wine-libation, lavers for the wash,
And purifying waters, incense reek'd
From the horn'd altars, daily, morn and eve,
And knives were busier with the victims' throats
Than in the older time when Abram saw
The smoking furnace and the burning torch
Pass in his dream betwixt the sever'd parts
Of the slain creatures,[14] butcher'd unto Him
Who asks not, nor will take, a grosser gift
Than the self-stricken heart. More senseless still,
And more profane, ye put the seal of God
On the old custom in Rameses taught,
And mutilated glorify'd a rite
Your conquerors laugh at.[15]

Peop. Down with him at once!
Down with the pagan!

Scribe. Let him rant no more.
Stone, stone him!

Nic. Will ye? What! for being free?
Are ye so gorg'd with liberty, ye seek
To fetter thought, to put a servant's chain
Upon the outspoken tongue? Shame on ye all!
Bethink ye, were you right, as you are not,
Who sits now in your Judgment. Have a care:
The Roman arm is long.

Peop. Then bid him cease.
He hath spoken over much.

Nic. He waves his hand.
Let him conclude.

Jesus. If ye would put the knife
To the protruding vices of the heart,
Lop off to God one sin of all the mass,
Though even then enough of ill were left ——

Pop. Ah, ah, be silent. This our king! Away!

Another. We have respect for the Elder, not for him.
Away with him!

Jesus. O Jerusalem —

Pop. Away!

Jesus. — Thou who the prophets stonest, and to death
Givest the wise God sends thee, with what love
Would I thy children gather 'neath my wings
As the hen doth her brood! But thou wilt not.

[*The multitude make angry demonstrations, some even taking up stones.*

NICODEMUS *and* JOSEPH *put themselves, the former with boldness, the latter timidly, before Jesus and wave them back.* JESUS *is led off by his Disciples; and the People disperse tumultuously.*

Scene II.

Before the Procurator's Palace.

Pontius. Caiaphas.

Pon. Camilla reads your books. I have heard her tell,
A man who on the Sabbath gather'd sticks
Was by your leader Moses' order ston'd.
Can that be so?

Cai. It is so written.

Pon. Then,
How the two sons of Aaron, the High-priest,
Were wrapp'd in flames because their censers held
A fire that was not hallow'd. Stands that so?

Cai. 'T is so set down.

Pon. And dost thou lend it faith?

Cai. Such is my duty.

Pon. Lo then what thou mak'st
Thy God to be, or what thou sufferest still
Thy people to believe Him! Canst thou name
A worship that is bloodier, as there are
No annals more atrocious than your own?
And with such faith, with records that make pale,
Where they astound not, by their huge excess
Of rational punition, or arouse

Doubts of their verity, or provoke a laugh
At the wild antics of a senseless code
That satirizes justice, — on such faith,
And boasting such misdeeds —

Cai. I boast them not.

Pon. Your bloody annals do. — Thou'dst bring to death
This Jesus (lo the exemplar to your text
Of heavenly mandate!) who would teach your race
A wholesomer belief. His Jove is one
Of mercy and love, forbearing, full of peace;
Yours, Moses' god, who sits behind the vail,
Invisible between the outspread wings,
A sanguinary tyrant, to whose heart
War is a pastime, and who makes not more,
If we believe his servants, than one meal
Of thrice a thousand men.[16]

Cai. It grieves me much
Thou'lt speak in so light wise on such a theme.
Were it worth arguing, well might I oppose
Rome's patron godhead, and Bellona's priests
Smear'd with the blood of their own bodies shed
By self-incision, or your All-Good Jove,
To whom Busiris sacrific'd his guests,
Till mad Alcides, bloodier than he,
Bound him in turn to his own altar.

Pon. Vain
Your parallel and misplac'd. Alcides mates
Your Danite Samson, passion's slave like him,
And like him fabulous. Put all your gods,

From the Sun, first of worships, to the last
And least of all, the monstrous brood that swarm
In Coptian temples, bastards of that land
(Or spawn'd of its procreant river-slime) whose faith
Enfolds all nature, — put them in one group,
Give them three heads, or make their necks uphold
The bull's fierce image or the kindly dog's,
Let them lap human gore, or feed them milk,
Which is comelier sacrifice, shake their fabled names
Together in one urn, I 'd thrust my hand
Amid the immortal lot, and which came out
Foremost should serve as type of all the rest,
Emblems of that First Cause which I, as thou,
Believe but understand not, and whose form,
And attributes, and name, of needs must come
Out of the molding of the human brain,
Which nothing fashions but from what it sees.

Cai. So this fanatic teaches.

Pon. Doth he so?

Why so Camilla vouches. Then his creed
Will make you humbler, wiser, better men.
What wouldst thou with it? Wouldst thou have the man
Forswear his thoughts? I would not give up mine,
No, not to be Rome's emperor.

Cai. 'T is well,
While they are thine; but put them on the tongue,
The Emperor may stop them. Lo thou all
I ask for this demoniac. Will he keep

His thoughts in their own chambers, not the vail
Of the most holy place shall be to me
More sacred, nor the awful ark itself
Shield better from obstruction. 'T is their spread,
Wing'd by the common air, to take deep root
And sprout in thousand places, this alone
That unto me, the head of those who plant
And prune Jehovah's vineyard, makes them count
More than the empty breeze that bears them round.

Pon. But doth the vineyard suffer from the weeds,
Thou may'st their root-stocks pluck up one by one;
Thou canst not stop the unfetter'd air from bearing
The flying seedlets. Let the man rave on.
Ten thousand of his clamors will not blight
One vine of all your faith. 'T is no small thing
To choke up superstition. This attest
Your patriarchs, priests and prophets, judges, kings,
Psalmists and proverb-men, from Moses down
To the last seer that threaten'd and that howl'd.
Canst thou with one man's carcase dam the tide
Of the eternal sea? Through countless years
The customs of your faith have plung'd their roots
Deeper and deeper in your people's heart.
What shall upheave them? What may overgrow
Their rank luxuriance? The tumultuous voice
Of one mean Nazarite? the fungus shoot
Of casual eloquence? Not did he blow
A daily tempest; not were every seed
He scatter'd to spring up a thousand fold.

Where superstition once has taken root,
The plants of reason, truth, and common sense,
Share but by patches here and there the soil.

Cai. If that were all, your sower-seer might blare
Till his cheeks burst and every grain were spent
Out of his spiritual seed-bag. There is more. —

Pon. Ay, I have heard. He levels at your place.
The sharp truths of his tenets bore like moles
Under your vineplots, or like battering-rams
Butt as a hundred men against your walls.
Shake not; your hierarchy will not fall
While bigotry and pride of race uphold
The old foundation, and the breastplate shines,
And purple, gold, and scarlet make your robes
An eye-joy to the crowd, who, as with us,
Find in this pomp, and in the censer's smoke,
And butcher'd and burnt victims, and the rites
Which, mystical to them, they must not share,
Something that wraps the senses and wakes awe
Of the unknown supernal, and the more
That they are bred to it, almost from the hour
They cast their swaddlingcloths.

Cai. Thou wilt not list.
I might complain that Pontius scants thereby
My due of courtesy, who not keep him here,
In the chill air, to vaunt my nation's forms,
Or set the God of Sinai o'er his own,
The dwellers in Olympus. If the mole
Burrows my vineyard, it concerns thee not:

But if the ram is swung against the wall
Of Roman mastery, 't is the Roman's heed
To see the iron head smash not the stones
Or the shook wall bulge inward. Through the breach
This Jesus strides to conquest.

Pon. Over what?
Are we a handful? or your Jews a race
Of arm'd Goliaths?

Cai. David was a youth,
A sling his weapon; yet the giant fell.
This Jesus, thou hast heard, his rabble make
To be a distant offshoot from the stem
Of Jesse's royal son. No doubt, a tale
Made for a purpose: but that purpose, what?
In the crowd met to hear him in the vale,
And only now dispers'd, was one that cry'd,
Flouting him, "This our King!" The scoff had fail'd,
Had not the crown been talk'd of, or in thought.

Pon. To think and make are different, — more apart
Than brain and body, by whose action each
Is separately determin'd. Not mere thought
Will batter-in the wall; or, if it do,
I'll pitch him o'er the battlements more quick
Than by the breach he enter'd. Edepol!
It were brave sport to see my men with clubs
Scatter the whole vain mummery, as thou wott'st
They did with the water-bubble, when your Jews
Grudg'd the Jove's tribute taken for their good.[17]

Cai. But why desire the tumult? when for kings,

Crown'd or discrown'd, 't is apt to call in play
Weapons of more than wood, and blood may swell
The basis of thy bubble. It were best
It did not rise at all; for treasure spent
And men's lives squander'd make such inward strife
Costly amusement, be it the revolt
Of misproud Absalom or the steep down-fall
Of madden'd Saul.

Pon. In short, — for likes me not
The chance of popular tumult more than thee, —
What wouldst thou do? Camilla vows the man
Is innocent of wrong intent. If so,
I have said he shall not suffer.

Cai. Grant it so.
What then? he is centre of a sect whose aim
Would overthrow the priesthood, in the dust
Of the demolish'd temple rear the fane
Of a new godhead, and upon the throne
Of fallen Judah seat the promis'd Prince
Our race still look for. Patience yet awhile.
I say not they can do it, nor forget
How every like attempt against Rome's power
Has been the swelling of a winter's stream
Which floods the land awhile, then soon subsides,
Shrinks in its channel and with summer's heat
Shows scarce a brook. Yet the stream swells not less.
What would I do? This: build the low banks up
Before the rise, or stop it at the sluice.

Pon. In other words?

Cai. Arrest, with thy permit
This mischief-maker, cut the main stream off
Which swells the flood of popular discontent
And makes it dangerous.

Pon. Will it then subside?
Will not thy dykes and dams swell for the time
The tossing waters? If the mass desire
This Nazarene, his violent taking-off
Or even restraint may lift the pent-up flood
To sudden overflow. Myself, I reck
The danger little; on our beetling rocks
These surges dash in vain; the frothing tide
Washes your land alone.

Cai. There is a change
Come o'er the mass. The man's o'erboiling zeal
Has carry'd him from his war against the rich,
Which flatter'd their despite, to fierce assaults
On their own vices and the bestial bonds
(So dares he term them) of the ancestral faith
He strains to overthrow. This very day
They were about to stone him.

Pon. Let them so.
'T will save us trouble.

Cai. But, the morrow come,
The wind sits otherwise, and their hands may lift
A diadem. If their hearts be anger'd still
And cry for his conviction, will thy grace
Not step in to prevent it?

Pon. What they will,

In what concerns them solely, let them do.
What is 't to me, so Rome be not aggriev'd?

Cai. Thanks. I salute thee, Pontius.

Pon. Be thou well.

Scene III.

The abode of Jesus. Evening.

Jesus. Nicodemus *entering.*

Jesus. Unto my humble home what brings the Elder?

Nic. A twofold motive. As the hind, 't is sung,
Pants for the brook, so is my soul athirst
For knowledge, and I come to drink it pure
At the fountain built in thee, and would preserve
From violence the basin's rim.

Jesus. Thou art kind.
I owe thee already for thy timely aid;
Perhaps for life.

Nic. Dost thou esteem it such?
Why make it needful? While thou didst inveigh
Against the moral stench which makes our class,

Full of corrupting sores of vice and pride,
Loathsome as Lazarus, in thy proverb, crouching
Crumb-fed and hound-lick'd, thou wast safe; the poor
Hemm'd thee around applausive: now thou turn'st
Thy mirror on themselves, they take up stones
To dent its surface, nor would feel regret
Did they crush both together.

Jesus. Wouldst thou then
That I should wear two faces? have one hand
Rais'd to chastise the Pharisee and Scribe,
While with the other stroking-down the shag
Of the crouch'd multitude? So 't were best indeed,
Must I use both diversely; but between
The vice and beastly habits of all ranks,
Those moral sores thou speakest of, whose stench
Makes the soul sicken and shrink back dismay'd
As from the scurf'd leper, is there nought distinct,
Save that one sits in purple and deep-fring'd,
While through the rags of Lazarus peer out
The scabs all point at.

Nic. Yet, treat both alike,
The purpled glutton and the beggar fed
With refuse and scurf-blotch'd, where wilt thou stand?
The rich are not thy friends, will never be:
Must the poor hate thee too? as men still hate
The eyes that pierce them through, the tongue that dares
Spit at their self-love, which is foremost still,
Exacts the daintiest handling, and stoops not,
Saving to be caress'd. Not thus thou 'lt reach

The crown men say thou aim'st at.

Jesus. Dost thou lend,
Thou, credence to such tale?

Nic. Not if thou sayst
It has no truth.

Jesus. I say it, and with thought.
I would not be their king, not might I be
With safety to themselves, not did the bird
Of Rome her vast wings fold about my head,
Defending and caressing, not would Rome
Herself step back and bid our race be free.

Nic. Why not, when so 't were better?

Jesus. I am here
To teach, not rule. To govern, must I cease
To teach; and 't is the Preacher's rod they need
More than his father's sceptre.

Nic. Thou sayst well.
Perverse and self-opinion'd, sensual, false,
Bloody and contumacious, were they left
To choose their king to-morrow, ere the night
They 'd come to blows, and, into factions split,
Set up another. Mutinous and ingrate,
Slaves to observance, chain'd by priestly rule
To superstition's galley, where the oars
Are ignorance and the rusty iron prow
Points but one way, while drifts the clumsy keel
Rudderless through a tideless sea more dead
Than that of Sodom, as they were at first
When the strong shepherd crafty drave the flock,

Straggling and looking backward, past the Mount,
Up from regretted Gossen, such, alas,
They will be ever, till shall pass away
Their shadow as a nation, and, dispers'd,
Mix'd with, but not of, populous Gentile tribes,
They lose their power of mischief, dwindling down,
Despis'd, down-trodden, yet opinion'd still,
Unfit to be a nation, but still fit
To bear mean burdens, toilers in the ditch
And mortar-pits, as when scourge-driven to build
Strong Peitho and Ramessa. Seest thou, I
Am too a prophet, when the bitter heart
Prompts to forebodements.

Jesus. Which are merely true.
Yet thou art of this sinful race.

Nic. And thou.
And was not Solomon? and thy namesake, he,
Sirach's wise son, whose lessons are more worth
Than all the Prophets?

Jesus. Ay, so Jordan flows
Through Galilee's sweet sea, across the plain
And desert, to the Salt Sea, joining both.
Even Sodom had one man who might be sav'd,
Though he did, after, evil. Were thy class,
Even in the Sanhedrim, just and bold like thee,
Or virtuous as thy gentler, low-voic'd friend,
Joseph of Ramatha'im, I should turn
My hands to labor: Israel then were pure
As Abram was at Mamre, ere he sought

Ur of Chaldea, and from Haran went
To gather from Mizra'im's [18] priests the rite
(If that indeed he practis'd it, and not
'T is so pretended, that we may not seem
To have taken it from that greater land whose race
We mix'd and were confounded with, to whom
We were perhaps enslav'd four hundred years —
Such is the count) the rite whose practice scoffs
At nature and whose precept blasphemes God.

Nic. Rabbi, that utterance gives me no despite;
But to the mass, which ponders not, but hugs
To its breast its ugly errors, and makes blind faith
Respond for ignorance, what else could it sound
But insult and defiance? Could thy light
Pierce through the crannies of their darken'd brain,
Whose doors and windows bigotry has barr'd,
Well might'st thou wave in Heaven's name the torch
Of truth before them; but they dash it out,
Or turn it back on the arm that bears it.

Jesus. True:
And let me thank thee. But 't is hard to hide
The fire which ceaseless burns and is too large
For prudence' screen to cover. To do good,
We must not stop to think if it will grow.
We strow the seed: some falls on barren ground,
Some the fowls gather, some the tares will choke.
Could I from Sodom save one man and his,
Though one of them should turn back and be whelm'd
By the down-pouring molten stone, or rain

Of burning ashes, and two more but live
To do most foully, I should lead him up,
Him and his harlot daughters unto Zoar,
Nor heed the cinders and the redhot stones
That hurtled after.

Nic. But when Lot himself
Refuseth rescue, and Gomorra laughs
At the vain propheey, seeing not the fire
Yet in the mountains' bowels? — But no more:
With thee I could talk until the middle watch
On themes like these, whereon thy wisdom flows
A stanchless fountain such as I have said
My soul has thirst for. Let me haste to say,
Thou art in imminent danger. As I came,
I saw the High-priest holding earnest talk
With the stern Procurator. Hast thou heard
He hath offer'd large rewards to have thee taken,
So it be done in privity without noise?

Jesus. I have.

Nic. I couple this and that, and see
The thunder gathering o'er thee. Get thee hence,
Before it lightens.

Jesus. Whither?

Nic. Anywhere,
Where the sky lowers not: to Galilee;
To Mestre[19]; further, if thou list: I will
So thou wilt let me, furnish means. But go;
Forthwith.

Jesus. Thou art brave and good. I am at my post.

Wouldst thou have me desert it?

Nic. When no more
Thou canst defend it? when to foes without
Traitors within are added, and the gates
Thou think'st to guard are open set behind thee,
And the ground trembles both ways with the tread
Of the encountering masses, which will join,
While thou goest down between them, crush'd and scorn'd?
This day, had Caiaphas foreseen the storm
That darken'd round thee, thou hadst been even then
Seiz'd as evoking riot. 'T was his doubt
The populace march'd with thee. Now it turns
And stops thy way, what wilt thou do?

Jesus. Abide
The shock thou speak'st of, and fall crush'd and scorn'd.

Nic. It is heroical: but is it wise?

Jesus. 'T is fit;
And that is everything. Why am I here?
When I can teach no more, no more may warn,
'T is meet that I be render'd to that dust
Wherefrom I sprung that from my punctur'd limbs
The balm might drop and underneath my shade
Life's wayworn gather. Haply, when my blood
Shall fructify that dust, a plant of grace
More precious than the balsam or the palm,
May shoot up and become a mighty tree
Beneath whose branches kingdoms shall take shelter,
While everywhere its healing juice shall flow,
Without incision, and enough for all.

Nic. It may be.

Jesus. Nay, it will be, if God will.

Nic. I meant it so. — Then, thou wilt here abide?

Jesus. Heaven willing, I shall here abide.

Nic. Then be
His unseen wings above thee. What on earth
Man may avail to help thee, shall be done;
Nor will my soul be feebler, that from thine
It hath learn'd to set the fortitude of duty
Higher than valor, and in submission find,
Least questioning, nor conceiving of complaint,
Where Heaven's decrees bear hardest, sweeter fume
Than frankincense can yield and richer gift
Than were a thousand rams. The peace of God
Be with thee to the end.

Jesus. And with thy spirit.

Act the Third

Scene I. *As in Act I. Sc. II.*

Mary, *seated at the lattice.*
Enter, opening the door timidly, Judas.
He bears a small lantern, and a full panier, which after he has spoken, he sets down, and shuts the door.

Ju. In darkness?

Ma. No; the moon has given me light,
More pleasant than thy lantern. And my lamp
Was wholly spent.

Ju. I come in time then.

Ma. No;
The night is too far in. What hast thou there?

Ju. It is not late; the first watch is scarce through:
I might have better welcome. But I bring
Oil for the lamp, and bread, the whitest, best
Thou hast long seen, wine, honey too, and dates,
And fuel for the brazier. Reach thy lamp.
Or no, thou fill it; for my hands are numb.
I 'll make thee up a fire.

Ma. I want it not.

It is not cold. What ails thee? How thou tremblest!

Ju. The air is chilly out. Do fill the lamp.
So. Let me light thee.

Ma. Why, thy hand so shakes
Thou scarce canst hold the lantern! What is this?
Art thou not well?

Ju. Do let me make the fire.
I shall be better then. I am so cold.
And with the warmth and light, the dreary room
Will look more cheerful. There — already — see.
Ah, blessed warmth!

Ma. Yet thou art trembling still.
How very pale thou art! Where hast thou been?
Where didst thou get these things?

Ju. Pray set them out.
When hast thou eaten, Mary?

Ma. Not this day.

Ju. Ah, so I fear'd, from what thou saidst last night.
Eat, Mary, love. The fire, the light make glad;
But it will glad me more to see thee eat.
And take thou of the wine. Fill me a cup.
I need it.

Ma. Hast thou not had wine enough?
Something excites thee.

Ju. It is not the wine.
I would it was!

Ma. Thou wouldst it was?

Ju. I mean,
The cause were clearer, and would sooner cease.

Thou must not mind me. Let me see thee eat.

Ma. What is the cause? Where gatt'st thou then these things?

Ju. Thou dost not think I stole them?

Ma. No; but where
Gatt'st thou the means? or whence hadst thou the gift?
Thou hadst, I know, no money.

Ju. No, and all
That little was left among us is nigh spent.
I did not like to ask it even for thee,
The Passover at hand. Thou art so free,
Thou robb'st thyself forever, and for those
Who are scarce so poor as thou. Thou dost not eat.

Ma. Thou wilt not answer. Where gatt'st thou the means?

Ju. Dost thou suspect me? I am not a thief;
No, nor —— What was that noise?

Ma. I heard no noise.
Why look'st thou round thee? What should make thee fear?

Ju. It is not fear. Give, Mary, of the wine.

Ma. Thou hast drunk enough. And yet, thou art so pale!

Ju. It is the cold.

Ma. It cannot be the cold;
Thy hands are o'er the brazier: or the cold
Comes from within thee. Thou art either ill,
Or hast that on the conscience which makes cold.
Why dost thou keep thine eyes away, which late
Forever sought out mine? I am not chang'd.
Dost thou no longer love me? Dost thou doubt?

Ju. Doubt thee? O Mary! Love thee? If thou bidst,

I will thrust my hand in that fire, and hold it there
Till the flesh blackens. There is nought so hard
I would not do or suffer for thy sake.

Ma. It is but little that I ask. Say then,
Where didst thou get thee money? Hast thou more?

Ju. Have I more money? Yes — yes, I have more.
Eat: thou needst fear not: I shall have enough.
Take of the bread and honey, or those dates.
Let me but see thee eat. 'T will warm me more
Than wine or fire-heat. When the morning dawns,
I will get thee meat.

Ma. But yet thou tell'st me not
Whence came the means. I will not eat till then.

Ju. But wilt thou then?

Ma. So I be well convinc'd
'T was come at fairly.

Ju. 'T was the willing gift
Of — of — I ask'd it — of the master's friend,
The Elder, Nicodemus, whom I met
Coming at twilight from the Rabbi's house.

Ma. He? from the master's house?

Ju. It is the truth.
He was thou knowest in the Vale to-day
And sav'd him from the angry crowd.

Ma. I know.
He is well worthy to be Jesus' friend.
That gave thee not the right to ask him alms.
It was at twilight. Where wast thou since then?

Ju. Since then — since — at the High-priest's house — I mean,

I stood at the gate, to gather ——

Ma. Gather what?

What mak'st thou there at the lattice?

Ju. 'T is to see

How far the moon is up. I must be gone.

Ma. And yet thou saidst, but now, it was not late.

What took thee to the High-priest's, if indeed

Thou wast there?

Ju. Dost thou doubt me?

Ma. Can I else?

Thou dost so shuffle. Look me in the face.

Thou canst not! Judas, Judas! by the love

Thou hast vow'd me, I adjure thee: wast thou there?

Give me thy hand. It trembles, it is cold.

Ju. I was there, Mary.

Ma. Truly? What to do?

Take not thy hand away. Thou hadst been glad,

Last night, to have me hold it.

Ju. Not as now.

Thou holdst it but to try me. Let it go.

Last night, last night — I would it were to-night

Even as last night, though I then was mad,

All of thy love for Jesus: wo is me!

Let me go forth. Another time — perhaps

To-morrow — I will answer. No, no, no!

To-morrow thou wilt need no answer.

Ma. Ah?

Thou 'lt drive me also mad. What is there wrong?

What wouldst thou gather at the High-priest's gate?

Ju. News of the Rabbi's safety. I had heard —
I have told thee — Caiaphas had offer'd late
Largely to have him taken without noise
Or danger of the people. It was said
The Sanhedrim would meet to-night. I went
After the Elder, following him in ——

Ma. Thou saidst thou stood'st at the gate.

Ju. I did. How should
I enter in? I know not what I say.
Let me be gone. I ——

Ma. Is the master sold?

Ju. How should I know?

Ma. Thou saidst thou went'st to learn.
What didst thou learn? Could any be so base
To sell a man to his enemies? to take
Money for human blood? Give both thy hands:
I want to hold them.

Ju. Mary, let me go.
I am waited for.

Ma. By whom? — If such there be,
'T were better for him were a millstone hung
About his neck and he cast in the sea,
The Sea of the Desert, to find there his like
In Sodom and Gomorra.

Ju. Better far!

Ma. What means that tone? Thou art weeping too! And sobs?
It cannot be, that thou —

Ju. Oh, let me go!

Ma. I keep thee not: thy hands are loose in mine.
But how they tremble! Thou a strong man too,
And young as I, who am feeble and a woman!
It cannot be —— Who waiteth then for thee?

Ju. The — the Rabbi ——

Ma. Waits for thee? And where?

Ju. In the Garden of Gethsemane.

Ma. Alone?

Ju. No, with the brethren. I must not be miss'd.

Ma. And thou goest there for prayer? for lessons? thou?
Turn not thy head away. It cannot be,
That thou, who swear'st to such love for me, wouldst dare,
Wouldst be so heartless, so insanely base,
To dare to ——

Ju. Oh! oh! oh!

Ma. Is 't true then? Say
It is not true. But say thou hast not ——

Ju. What?

Ma. I cannot name it. It is so foul wrong,
A crime so monstrous, wickeder than his
Who slew his brother, wickeder than aught
The world has known before, the very word
Would crush thee.

Ju. Would it might!

Ma. It is then true.
God of our fathers! thou hast sold his blood!
The innocent Rabbi's! O, thou art accurs'd
Before all men! Begone! Take with thee all
Thou hast bought with thy blood-money. Not the lamp

Shall hold thy oil. Behold, I pour it out.
These embers shall not burn. Thou hear'st them hiss
Under the water-drops. It is the sound
Of human execration in thy ears.
Go! to thy fate. Or no, I will go first
To warn him, if it may be. Stay thou here
Till I may reach him; then, begone forever.
Never will I speak word to thee again. [*Going.*

Ju. Mary! a word! Thou hast driven me already ——

Ma. I drive thee? It is false. Not jealous love,
Not envy even, have given thy soul to Hell,
But filthy avarice.

Ju. It was then for thee.
I say thou hast driven me wild. Thou mayst do more.
Wilt thou not pause? I may undo my act.

Ma. [*quickly.*] Undo it? undo it? [*Slowly.*] But is that possible now?

Ju. I know not: I can try. If I can turn
The slot-hounds from the scent, or lead them false, —
If I do this, at peril of my life,
Wilt thou forgive me? hold me as of old?

Ma. Forgive thee? Ay, — though thus thou wilt undo
One treachery by another; but no more
Canst thou, to me or others, be the same.
Seek thy peace there where I have sought for mine,
Where is no anger and where mortal sins
Are weigh'd with mortal frailty, and the heart
Enters for judgment. But on earth, with me,
Thou canst plead nothing. [*Going.*

Ju. Hear me! hear! Not yet ——

Ma. I will hear nothing more. Do, undo, save,
If save thou canst, the master; but for him,
For all of us, let thy face be, as to me,
Now that I turn from it, in the mind alone,
Forever.

Ju. Speak'st thou, go'st thou, thus? Then, go.
Ungrateful and flint-hearted, thou hast spoken
My death-doom. Be my blood upon thy head.

Ma. 'T will drop unnotic'd, for that other blood,
The innocent blood, which, flooding all my heart,
Will make thine be forgotten, save as shed
In expiation. Art thou man enough,
Thou wilt thyself so punish. But no, no!
No! do it not! 'T were better thou shouldst live
And know remorse. And God thy spirit bring
To full repentance.

Ju. Gone! Forever gone!
The last sounds of the voice that was to me
At all times music, the light-echoing feet
Which my heart told from thousands, have pass'd now,
And the world lies before me like this room,
Dusky and desolate. She is gone to him,
For him. I might have sav'd him; and I try'd
To tell her, but she would not hear, not yet
The blood-price is paid over, and the part
Given in earnest of the accursed pact
Might easily be repaid. Her heart was full,
Full of him only. Let him meet his fate.

'T is but a little sooner than would come
Of his own madness. Is it too so sure
To be a death-fate? Power to put out life
Is gone from the Sanhedrim, and Pontius' will
Eschews all useless cruelty. Be it so:
I would not harm him; and my pay is earn'd
When the hunt finds its quarry. 'T is his fault,
Who might have rul'd as king and made us rich,
Who has robb'd me too of Mary's love, 't is his,
And hers, not mine, that I am made thus base.
And should he die, should I be scorn'd, what then?
Our fate is equal, and thou then shalt see,
Ungrateful, if I am enough a man.

Scene II.

Night. — The Garden of Gethsemane.

Jesus,
with John, Simon, *and others of his disciples.*

Jesus. Hear ye again. The sacrifice of God
Is the bruis'd, broken, and repentant heart.
And this because grief purifies the heart.
For what we suffer is suffer'd for our good,
Not for His glory, which we can enhance
No more than we can multiply the stars
Or make more bright yon moon. But we can add
To His contentment with His work in us,
By purging off our passions, by clean lives
In thought, in word, in action, such as fit
The beings he made straight-visag'd, not as beasts
Which gaze the earth.

John. But, master, thou art pure.

Jesus. Pure by long cleansing. With the flesh and Devil
I have wrestled till the muscles of my soul
Are harden'd to the conflict. What I am
Yourselves may be, if so ye will but wash
In the blood that is of the spirit, and day and night
Fight with temptation.

Si. Are we then as thou?

Jesus. From the same potter's wheel. If turn'd more thin,
Guard ye the more that brittle vase, your soul.
Remember, I am but the humble son
Of a poor joiner, train'd to do his work,
Till, fill'd by Heaven with longings for the task
It had set before me, and for which I deem'd
It had made me fit, I labor'd and grew strong
In the great mystery which I teach to you.
Yet men will strive, yourselves will haply strive,
To accord wild prophecies of what may not
Ever have issue with what now has come
And what shall come, will make me spring direct
By a long line of names pick'd up at will,
And of descents which never could be trac'd
Even were they real, from Jesse's royal son,
Humble as I at first, but on whose throne,
Unsteady with men's blood and hung with clouds,
I would not sit though dragg'd to it.

Si. Yet men say,
Master, thou art God's son.

Jesus. As ye are all
In the great Psalmist's sense the sons of God.
Who says it in another sense blasphemes.
What! He who made the fix'd earth and the seas,
The sun that moves around us, and the moon
That takes his place sometimes by night, when stars
Burn fewer in the heavens (see ye now),
Beyond this vault above us He who rules,

Whose vail no man hath lifted, and by whom
Live all things that have being, Who was at first,
When the Earth empty lay and without form,
And Who shall be when darkness shall again
Brood o'er the waters, He! break through the bonds
Himself hath put on nature, to create
In a weak woman's bowels —— Let us pass
The audacious fancy by. Its very sound
Is blasphemy more heinous than the worst
Our sires repaid with stoning. Yet a day
Will come, when with the labor of a life
A thousand books shall argue on this theme,
Caught from the vaporings of a prophet's brain
And poet's myth, the impossible monstrous form
Of Asian fiction, and the insane idea
Of minds aspiring to be great in phrase
By superclimbing nature. This shall seize
The subtlety of priestcraft for its own,
And, with ostent of awe but inward laugh,
Handing it to the popular belief,
Fix it forever. For the vulgar mind
Thinks rarely for itself and fears to unhasp
The doors of mysteries which faith hath lock'd
And flung away the key. Thus, see ye to it,
After my death that none of your vain talk
Go to confirm delusion.[20]

Si. Could that be?

Know we not, master, your four brothers, see
Often your sisters.

Jesus. But when ye are gone,
And they are gone, like me, where is no ear,
And whence comes no correction, then shall sprout
Fables more thick than grapes on Sibmah's vines;
The dead shall bloom like Jericho's shrunk rose,
And without waterdrops; the lame shall walk;
And they who wake from epileptic sleeps
Shall find their tortur'd bodies give egress
To pent-up devils. Nothing shall be held
Too gross for maintenance where the popular faith
Requires upbolstering, and the cause of truth
Shall with Truth's sophists justify a lie.
Words shall be put in mouths that spake them not,
And history be interpolated[21]; cries
Of disbeliever, god-denier, put down
The uprisen doubter; and perhaps the cross,
The sword, and fire, and desolating wars
Cover with blood and ashes Thought's free work,
Where grav'd too legible to be effac'd.
Then shall old fables be reviv'd, the rant
Of rhapsody and the poet's swelling phrase
Find literal meaning that bestaggers sense;
Men shall make God descend to do an act
Needless and futile and against Himself,[22]
And bastardize me that I may not sin
Against prediction.

John. Master, what means that?

Jesus. Haply I speak what ye not understand,
But men shall after you. When I shall die,

(And I foretell ye that the end is near,)
Take heed ye set not down my torture's groan,
The sweat of weakness and the bubbling blood
Drawn by the deathsmen, as atonement made
And destin'd for men's sins. There is none such.
Each answers for his own. But in the count,
He, who knows all things, will against the ill
Set the temptation, set that fearful weight,
The heaviest in the record, the black seed
Sown in us ere our birth, whose growth no care
Can root up wholly, and to overgrow
Costs a life's toil, the watering by the heart
And delving of the mind.

John. But in the law,
A goat is made to bear the general sin
And led into the wilderness.

Jesus. To die,
Food of the Jordan's lion. Thus that beast,
The tyrant of the desert and the wold,
Bloody, ferocious, butchers for the Lord
The harmless victim, and subserves His priest!
So shall my murderers make my body's life
Sin-offering to that Highest who might crush
Ten thousand such by letting fall his hand.
Why, Balaam's ass was wiser, and the boy,
Tongue-tied, brain-wilder'd, whom his sorrowing kin
Brought, hoping for my cure, who could, alas,
But grieve with them, more heart-sick than were they
Who were inur'd to the horror, why that poor boy

Was scarce more idiotic! Think ye too,
That ye blaspheme His justice. How should blood
Of innocent victims wash out human guilt?
Believe it, if yourselves have thought of right,
Have pity, have understanding of some things,
The Ever-flowing Source of pity, and right,
And infinite knowledge, the Pervading Fire,
Of which our being is the least of sparks,
Upshooting for an instant in the air,
Then sunk to sight and sense, plays not such tricks
As would shame mortal judges. Moses' act
Was a formality;[23] but the after time
Will make it parent of a thousand frauds,
And priests shall say to sinners, "Give of this:
It shall redeem the soul here and in Hell
From penal torment." Wo the day for me,
For the pure faith I would infuse in men,
Drawing it from my breast as mothers yield
The milk of their dear bodies, wo that time,
When priests shall haply, taking of my blood,
Sprinkle it on the altar for men's sins,
And say, before the mercyseat of God,
"This is alone atonement, and without
Is no man justify'd. God condemns you all;
But he who was your scapegoat, on his head
Aaron has laid both hands. Be sooth'd, be free:
Through the thick armor of your iron faith
Hell's javelins shall not pierce. But unto those
Who stand not in the congregation, those

For whom the sin-goat bleeds not, and the smoke
Of incense, burn'd within the vail, clouds not
The mercyseat with mystery; [24] those who pray
With their own lips, confess unto themselves
Their daily sins, and 'neath the lampless cope
Of their unaltar'd dwellings, where no vail
Parts them from cherubim, or 'neath the stars,
The grandest of all temple-roofs, make vows
Of effort for amendment, unto these
Comes no redemption, and their works save not
From Satan and his angels."

John. What is that
Thou imply'st, dear master? Look'st thou to an end
So bloody and so near? There floats no cloud
Over thy destiny, and the people's love
Again shall gather round thee with broad wings
To comfort and defend.

Jesus. Thou seest no cloud.
But from the horizon of my troubled day
Rise up before my vision, and spread, those signs
The weather-wise may read portending storm.
Heard'st thou what Judas said? Lo, where the moon
Shines with such clearness I may almost see
The color of thine eyes, or note the crisp
In Simon's beard: yet they who sleep this night
Under its splendor may awake to find
The blue vault blacken'd. What is that comes now?

Enter, hurriedly, MARY MAGDALENA.

Ma. Master, O master, fly! fly for dear life!
Judas has sold thee. [*sobs.*
Jesus. So I fear'd. — Seest thou? [*to John.*
The wind has risen.
John. Wait not till it shakes
The forest. Come, lord, come!
Jesus. Come whither?
Sob not, poor Mary. Is it fear for me,
Or wounded love for Judas, wrings that heart,
So good, yet passion-feebled?
Ma. Canst thou ask?
But stay not! Mind me not. Each moment brings
Thy fate more near. Pray with me, John! pray, Simon!
Cling to his feet; or, if he will not stir,
Bear him off with you. In a little while,
The hounds are on him.
Jesus. Ay, I hear their bark
Already in the distance. Where to fly?
It is too late to put the water's wash
Between them and the blood-scent. Let us here,
Even here, await the hunters.
Ma. No, no, no!
Si. No, master! Is this duty? Is thy life
Nothing to us?
John. Where hope is ——
Jesus. Is not safety.
Look ye around. Save Simon, and thee, John,

Is none that is not frighten'd, will not flee
When the dogs' teeth meet in me. Answer not:
I would it was not, even for your sakes, so.
But Mary, in her great love, has more heart
Than all of ye together.

Ma. Then, lord, come;
Come, for poor Mary's sake! Come!

Jesus. Whither, child?

Ma. What matters it, so time be gain'd? The night
Is all before us. While they wander here,
Seeking, not finding ——

Jesus. Will they wander long?
The prey escap'd, they will not search his lair,
But track him onward.

Ma. But it may be late:
Judas may dally. He imply'd as much,
Is full of terror at his own act. Come!
It is no time — forgive me — now to weigh
Chances or reasons. O, if with my arms
I could uplift thee, and despite thyself
Bear thee to safety, bear thee to some place
More hid and distant, I would not stand here,
Imploring, weeping. Come, O master, come!
Come, Jesus! Come, my soul's lord, come! Ye men,
Why stand ye listless? Take him up by force.
O that I had your sinews! Though my blood
Should gush out at my throat, I would not stop,
Till he were hidden, or myself dropp'd dead.

Jesus. Mary, kind Mary — (God for thy much love

Bless thee forever and assoil thy sins!)
Thou art wild with pity and terror. Listen now.
A good man of the Elders, a brave spirit,
Came to me yesternight, to urge me flee. —

Ma. And thou didst not!

Jesus. Hush, hush. I would not then,
Because my duty bid not. Now the peril
Is come more nigh, is on me, shall I change?
The will of God hath doom'd me to this fate
Which now impends, or suffers it to fall,
Because my blood shall make perhaps the soil
I have dug and water'd fruitful. Let it flow
In His dread name, if from the seed so sown
And made to germinate, plants of heavenly grace,
Meek righteousness, and uncomplaining faith,
And human charity, and the larger thought
That spreads the mind which bigotry constrains,
Shall flourish and bear multiplying fruit.
I would I were assur'd of that; then fear
Of the coming horror would be turn'd to hope
Unshadow'd by a doubt. Hark! see! Nay, see!

Si. The lights of torches!

Jesus. Soon 't will be the glare.

Ma. Art thou so calm?

Jesus. No, Mary, so resolv'd.

Ma. [*kneeling.*] O God, have pity on him, who has none
On his own life, on us! Thou, Moses' God,
God of the Prophets, save him who is more
Than all the prophets, and whose reason guides

Unto Thee upward better than the laws!

Jesus. Thou pray'st well, daughter; but pray better thus,
That I have strength to bear what He decrees
And wisdom to approve it to the last. —
Hark, to the tramp! And see, the gleam of spears!
What! do they come as to a robber's band?
Are ye so fearful, brethren? Ye will flee,
When they are on us.

Si. I shall not. Behold,
I am arm'd, O master.

Jesus. Put thou back thy sword:
'T will hurt thee more than others. Mary weeps,
And hugs my limbs. She will abide the test.
But ye will fly me, all; even thou too, John;
And Simon shall deny me. Hush; they come!

Enter
A small band of Soldiers, preceded by
MALCHUS *and* JUDAS,
the latter of whom, immediately upon speaking,
falls back to the side of the band and
shrinks from observation.

Ju. There, that is he.

Si. Lord, shall I cut him down?

Jesus. Put back, I say, thy sword. Men, seek ye me?
Lo, I am here. But suffer that the rest
Depart unworry'd.

Mal. They are gone at once:

They know what is wholesome. It is thou we want;
Thy vagabonds are useless. Come along.

MARY *clings to* JESUS.

The Soldiers inclose him in their midst, MALCHUS *waiting to see them pass, while* JUDAS *prepares to follow, his face muffled in his mantle.*

What doth this woman?

Jesus. Mary, get thee home.
And God go with thee!

Ma. No, no, no! But yet —
A little further!

Mal. Let the jade come on.
March, men. It is his harlot. — What dost thou,
Thou traitor, stamping thus? and with that look?
Thy face was better, cover'd. Art thou mad?

Ju. Ay, I am mad. Do thou thy duty. On.

Act the Fourth

Scene I. *In the house of Caiaphas. The Sanhedrim assembled.*

Caiaphas. Nicodemus. Joseph of Ramathaim.
The Scribe. *And others of the Council.*
Jesus *before them.*
On one side, certain Witnesses. On the other, Malchus.

Cai. What need we more? These men, of simple faith,
Unbias'd by prejudice, and unsway'd by hope
Of personal gain, re-echoing not stale sounds
Of popular rumor, nor stuff'd with childish tales,
Extravagant, incoherent and distort,
Bandy'd from one to another of the crowd,
And changing shape at each new toss, but facts
Themselves had witness'd, these whose strong attest
Stands not unbuttress'd, but is on all sides propp'd
By evidence from our midst, — as, did we list,
Or need, it might, by some constraint, have more, —
[*glancing at Nic. and Jos.*
These men of worth before you have made good
The charges of sedition, ambitious aim,
Gross sacrilege and blasphemous contempt

Of the laws our hallow'd sires have handed down
From him who on the Mount of God receiv'd
Mandate therein direct; nor has the accus'd
Reply'd thereto.

Nic. Hast thou then sought reply?

Cai. He would not answer.

Nic. Not to insult. No!
A brave man never doth, when self-respect,
And consciousness of right and that retort
And anger would be wasted, seal his lips.

Cai. Wilt thou then plead for him? for thou wast there,
In the late tumult, thou who with thy friend
Didst rescue the blasphemer from a fate
Which suffer'd had sav'd the Sanhedrim this pain.

Nic. Ay, I have heard: 't was Joseph and myself
Thou wouldst constrain to proof. What would that be?
Not on thy side. The Scribe, who in that crowd
Heard the contemptuous outcry, *This our King!*
Would make the popular longing and the hope
Of the seditious this good man's reproach,
Though I, and Joseph, and the very twelve
Who are his constant followers, all have heard,
Often, the unmistakable disclaim
Of such an aspiration. If the mob
Know him their leader, find him apt to climb
The steep of their desires, why made they threat
To stone him?

Cai. Out of reverence for the laws
And rites which he denounces. They whose eyes

Brook'd not the eagle on the House of God,[25]
Nor hands would break the Sabbath albeit to save
Their leagur'd city,[26] will not suffer him,
Their mimic prophet and false Prince of Peace,
Even while their shoulders strain to heave him up
To his preposterous throne, to scout their rites.
They took up missiles, not against their king,
But the traducer of their hoary faith,
The mocking foe of God.

Nic. Suppose that be, —
And I gainsay it not, — it throws no shade
Of even simulate truth upon the charge.
What he disvouches, what I stand prepar'd
In his behalf — I? others, wouldst thou more —
To show unfounded, should be held good proof
Against the vaporish fancies of a creed
Which is delusion. They who hold that creed,
Self-taught expounders of prophetic dreams,
May be seditious. It is not his fault,
Nor makes him rebel or to Rome or us.
His kingdom, doth he claim one, is the realm
Wisdom inherits, and his sceptre sways
Over the minds of men. I would that all
Here present were its subjects.

Cai. Art thou one?

Nic. Ay, where its rule is lawful; nowhere else.
I said, not slaves, but subjects. He whose mind
Predominates my own, whose knowledge flows
In broader channels, from a deeper source,

Controls my brain and is, wherec'er my thoughts
Follow his teaching, monarch of my soul
And master of my ways.

Cai. A weightless rod
Of qualify'd allegiance. May we ask
How far it rules thee? Wilt thou argue sane
This madman's rant, discrediting his crime
Of dangerous practice? Shall we fold our hands,
While ignorant reform throws down the Ark,
Sweeps out of sight the miracles of God,
And points with jeering at the mystic rite
Enjoin'd at Mamre?

Nic. Every form of faith
Yields to the wear of time which all things else
Changes in part or wholly, rubbing down,
Reshaping, or displacing. What our sires
Found wise or fitting, in our later age
May be amiss and foolish. What have taught
Your cherish'd ceremonies? What has been
In history the thousand-fold result
Of all your multiple forms of pompous rite
And mystical observance? To estrange
The heart from commune with the Invisible God,
And bind the senses only; to transfer
To priests, made languid by a daily task
View'd as a means of living or a craft,
Done by routine, by habit of the mind,
With scarcely consciousness, to transfer to them
The homage of the individual soul,

And substitute their monotone of chant,
Their frankincense and secrets of the vail,
For the mind's penance. Thus, from time to time,
Has Israel turn'd from Sinai, and the gods
Of heathen worship led away the hearts
Of Zion's kings. Alas, had Moses crush'd
Outright all futile forms, taken by the neck
Idolatry and strangled her, not given
The beast, half-smother'd, to regain her feet,
We might have built our temples there where now
This earnest-minded and God-fearing man
Would give us footing.

Cai. What! And dar'st thou thus
Sink Moses to the flat of such as he?
Moses, whose name is next to God's? Take heed
Lest on thy mantle fall the impious stains
Of this polluted Nazarene, and thou
Thyself be held to judgment.

Nic. This to me!
Thou canst not threaten save with futile words
That make derision for thyself. I am,
Thanks to our follies and our fathers' sins,
Here under Roman power, and its shield
Guards while it shadows. Thou canst not thy hand
Lift in punition even on such as he
Save by its will, and when I speak my thoughts
I know 't is by that birthright of the soul
Which, shame to the fetters of our slavish creed,
Our conquerors rob not in religious faith,

As we, who fled in its defence from Misre,
Would load it down with chains, and make its prison
The starless cells of ignorant unthought
And dotard superstition. Threaten me!
Well I 'm no traitor, even to the trust
Imply'd in fellowship: a word of mine
Might put the best of you in danger.

Jos. [*aside.*] Hush!
Even for the Rabbin's sake. Thou fann'st the flames
Kindled for his destruction. Be more calm.

Nic. [*but openly.*] It is too true. I am doing what in him
I blam'd as rashness, and compress the limbs
I would unshackle. But, with blood like mine,
Who can be tame to malice that usurps
The staff of justice, and to bigot craft
That stamps the very life out of the faith
Breath'd into us by Heaven?

Cai. What say ye there?
Speak to the Council only.

Nic. They have heard.
This: that your tyranny abuses God.
But so it hath ever been, will ever be,
Where for a time the lion of the law
Has set his talon'd foot upon the stag,
Prostrate, deserted by his timorous kind,
And dropping blood already where the hounds
Of superstition and religious zeal
Have fasten'd to his haunches.

Cai. Sayst thou this

To us?

Nic. To all men; for all time. In all
Religions, priestly power will stretch its hand
Over the throat of liberty of will,
Ready to gripe it, if it make one move
For freer breathing. This, because its own
Is threaten'd by the struggle. Should this man
You persecute establish, by the force
Evolv'd of persecution, all as much
As by his godly doctrine, a new faith,
The time will come its hierarchs shall do
As ye do, strain to stifle the strong breath
Of free opinion, and to put out eyes
That look too nearly into their abuse
Of questionable power; thus themselves
Doing what they denounce as done to him,
And founding tyranny on the hollow base
Of that soul-freedom which from tyrannous stuff
Was builded against tyranny.[27]

Cai. Thou hast spoken,
Under the Council's sufferance, who in vain
Have listen'd for one plea in his defence
For whose defence thou stand'st. But I shall be
More just than thou, as calmer, and shall take
From his own lips all that himself may urge.
If thou wouldst aid him then, so let him speak
Uninterrupted.

Nic. If thou give him scope
To explain away the charges, whose mere words,

Taken at the letter, have an air of truth
False to their inner meaning when they are his,
And, when they point to deeds, so habit facts
That their true shape is hidden, it is well.
But do not thou discredit to thyself,
Nor falsify right judgment, asking that
Which in itself accuses, and by words
Insinuates evidence, or leads on the accus'd
To criminate himself.

Cai. Enough, from thee.
Thou, man of Nazareth, what hast thou to say?

Jesus. Nothing.

Cai. How! Nothing?

Jesus. Nothing. And because
If what I said should tend to my behoof
Ye would not lend it faith, if to my hurt
'T would not be true.

Cai. Mark his assurance. Speak
To what we ask thee. What art thou?

Jesus. A man,
As thou art.[28]

Cai. Fellow! — Art thou not a son
Of Joseph, the house-joiner?

Jesus. So I have heard
My mother tell, and, holding her most chaste,
So I believe.

Cai. Thou art not then the man
That was to come?

Jesus. Who, mean'st thou, was to come?

Cai. He, the foretold Messias.[29]

Jesus. I know none such.

Cai. O horror! hear! — Believ'st thou not the Prophets?
Hast thou no faith in what they have foretold?

Jesus. When foretold truly, after the event.
There are no prophets. Wherefore should they come?
If they predict, it is to listless ears
Or unto doubters. Doth then the All-Wise
O'erride the laws Himself hath given to Nature,
And given thus in vain? Doth He create
What is to be of none effect, or work,
Like men, in hope, without a sure result?
Either the so-call'd Prophets were inspir'd,
Or they were not. If not, what they foretold
Was at the best wise forecast. —

Scribe. Shall we hear?
This is mere blasphemy.

Cai. Break not his speech:
His own mouth shall condemn him.

Jesus. — If they were,
Then is Jehovah mock'd by his own works,
Or unto favor'd men has stoop'd to talk
With futile purpose.

Cai. Hast thou done?

Jesus. Thou hear'st:
I have answer'd.

Cai. What will now the Elder say?

Nic. I? That the man has spoken simply sense.

Cai. What! wilt thou too blaspheme? Are we become

A senate of the heathen? Shall the elect
Of God's own folk resound the applause of men
Who are false to God?

Nic. 'T is they are false to God
Who assign His attributes to men. Who can
Foresee the future, save, as through thick fogs,
Dimly, by glimpses, — with experienc'd eye
Forecasting from the past? What swells the strain
Of all your prophets? Wild lament of ills,
Denunciations of impending wo,
Their punishment and sequence, mix'd with hopes
That take the natural and poetic shape
Of rosy-hu'd predictions of a day
That still may rise in storm, — as all men read
The shower in the raincloud, and the blast
When the trees bend before it. He whose lips
Were touch'd with fire by seraphs, when in dream
The doorposts of the temple shook with awe
And the house fill'd with smoke,[30] he, in the heat
Of his enkindled song, sings grandly out
What hath no literal sense, and cannot have,
And what, in any sense, applies to times
The enraptur'd words make imminent, not remote.[31]
The Virgin birth is credited and the people
See it in Jesus. Is that Jesus' fault?
If 't were, ye would condemn him. That 't is not,
Is evident from his disbelief, which scouts
At such embodiment of a poet's dreams.
And yet ye would condemn him.

Scribe. 'T is not all.
He violates the Sabbath and makes light
Of sacrifice. Will he deny it?
Cai. Answer.
Though ample are the proofs, yet answer thou.
Jesus. Hast thou not heard what Samuel said? *Behold,*
To obey is more than sacrifice, to hear
Than is the fat of rams.[32] And after him,
Fifteen score years and more, yet from our time
Almost eight-hundred, *Thus Jehovah saith:*
What unto Me your sacrifice of meats?
Not in shed blood of bullocks, lambs, and goats
I take delight. Your incense I abhor.
Your New Moons and your Sabbaths, your fix'd feasts,
Your solemn meetings cannot I abide.[33]
Cai. It is enough. Or, shall we, children, take,
Who are unletter'd, from this learned Priest,
This Father, this reshaper of the laws
Of undeserving Moses, nay this Judge
And King and Prophet, shall we take from him
More lessons in our offices? Perchance
The glory of the Thummim may revive
For his unjewel'd breast, and in its light
Great oracles be given. It is said
He hath already proven the Sabbath void
By David and the shewbread, making him,
His high progenitor, pattern in the need
Of his own ragged followers. Wilt thou deign,
Thou new-sprung sucker from the buried root

Of old-time Jesse, but for thee forgot,
To wave thy boughs in signal of the way
We have lost? for we are Gentiles at the best,
Weary with travel, ignorant and dull,
And strangers to this sky. Leads yonder road
Men call the Sabbath to the Mount of God,
Or was it of man's making?

Nic. Answer not
To insult.

Jesus. Insult has for me no sound
More than the murmur of the irksome fly
I cannot brush away.

Cai. Proceed. Thy guilt
Is all too large to get increase of bulk
By insolent frowardness.

Jesus. I know it well
That I am doom'd unheard; nor can that man,
So worthy of the name, whom God will bless
That he upholds the innocent and would lift
Reason and right, down-trodden, from the feet
Of ignorance and injustice, can he help
Or harm me in this hour. With thankful heart
Therefore I disregard him, and reply:
The Sabbath is approv'd of God, but came
Of man's contrivance. Matters it to Him,
To whom all days are one, Who hath no day
Defin'd by light and darkness, which of seven
We set aside to honor him? if it be
That we therein do honor him, who approves,

Not for His glory, but that one day's rest,
Hallow'd by prayer, and beautify'd by calm
Unbroke by what makes hideous in the eyes
Of all good men ——

Cai. Enough. Here shalt thou pause.
Nor rise thou, Nicodemus, yet again.
Shall we sit here until another sun
Goes down upon this blasphemy? I see
In all of ye, save two I need not name,
Approval of my purpose and my course.
Foe to our rites, perverter of our faith,
Inciter of rebellion to the rule
Of those whom Heaven for our continu'd sins
Hath given dominion over us, whose yoke
This man's ambition would make heavier still,
His life is forfeited; nor can we doubt
Rome will do justice. To the Judgment, then,
Let him be taken.

Scribe and Others. To the Judgment, ho!

Jesus. Thou seest, O Nicodemus.

Nic. See, that right ——

Cai. Let neither speak. Away with him at once.

Nic. Can it be wonder'd that Jehovah's wrath ——

Cai. Wonder unto the walls, if so thou wilt:
They are at thy service. — Quickly, men. — Move on.

SCENE II.

As in Act I. Scene I.

PONTIUS. CAMILLA.

Pon. What brings thee from the women's room so soon?
Thou art alway welcome: but in little while
I must to the Judgment. Why art thou so pale?
Camil. I have had a dream; a hideous dream. The sky
Was hung with black, as when the shadow'd sun,
With his mere rim on one side unclips'd,
Throws gloom like twilight and the chill of awe
On shivering thousands. On a barren hill,
Strew'd horribly with skulls and dead-men's bones,
Stood up a lofty cross, its top made dim
By the o'erhanging blackness; and thereon,
With head down-droop'd and body running blood,
The Rabbi Jesus, dying amid the jeers
Of a besotted multitude, whose hands
Surrounding soldiers only kept from acts
Worse than their insults. But before the guards,
Facing the dying, stood a man like them
Roman in look and garb, and watch'd the scene
As if 't were of his bidding. It was thou. —
Pon. Never! That could not be. Am I a Jew?

What is the Christ to me that I should stand
To view his death-throes, even had I bid?
Rests it with me, your prophet may live on
Long as Tithonus, and nor cross nor spear
Give him a robber's ending. Thy strange dream,
Sad though it is, is, like all other dreams,
Made up of things impossible to sense
Though shadow'd from the possible, with forms
Shap'd of past thoughts, the accidents of mind.
Let it not haunt thee further.

Camil. Yet hear all.
At the last moment, the transfix'd on thee
Threw a reproachful look, where was no scorn
Nor anger, only sorrow. Thereupon,
A demon seem'd to seize thee. With a yell
Of terrible despair, thou bar'dst thy sword,
And rushing on its point —— I saw no more,
But woke in anguish, gasping and afraid.

Pon. Afraid of what, Camilla? Am I a man
To fall upon my sword, because a Jew
Looks sad in dying? Not were all his Tribe
Hung on a thousand Golgothas.

Camil. Thou goest
To sentence Jesus?

Pon. 'T is for that indeed
I am call'd, but am not purpos'd. The High-priest
Sent over-night to tell me he was seiz'd
And would have hearing in the early morn,
And at the sixth hour, even now at hand,

Should come to me for judgment.

Camil. Thus thou seest,
His fate already is decreed. But thou,
Wilt not forget thy solemn word to me;
Thou, noble Pontius, generous if stern,
Wilt not sit still while bloody-minded Jews
Pollute thy function?

Pon. What I said was said.
I shall keep faith with thee, but not the less
Must also with the Pontiff. If this man
Is blameless as thou holdst him, I shall do
All I may dare to save him. But if proven
A rabble-leader, dangerous to the State,
And, with vile purpose of ambitious aim,
Seeking to bring in scorn his country's laws
And those who upholding them obstruct his way;
Or if not proven, yet the popular voice
Calls for his punishment; I must I fear
Surrender him for Rome's sake.

Camil. Thou wilt not!
O that I were as thou!

Pon. Wert thou as I,
Thou wouldst yield readier, as more lightly sway'd
And having those fleshly fears which shake me not.
All government must, in some form and degree,
Yield to the people. He who stands unmov'd,
Fix'd in his own views for he deems them right,
And, constant unto justice, shuts his ears
Against expedience, may be good and great,

But is unfit to govern. For a while
His mounds keep back the billows, but the wave
Carries off with it each time more and more
Of the heap'd-up earth, and when the bank goes down
The flood sweeps-on the same. Here Daunus comes
To array me. Be content. Look, if thou wilt,
From thy lattice on the Pavement. Thou wilt see
I shall do all I may. But let the place,
Where, since without, the priests stand undismay'd
Who dread defilement in a Gentile's house,
Remind thee what we yield to popular whim,
Blindness and prejudice; nor expect too much.

Scene III.

A street near the Gabbatha or Pavement.

John *and* Simon *meeting.*

John. Whence com'st thou? Is it over? Go'st thou now
To the Pavement? Thou look'st hurried, anxious, sad.
Si. It is most truly over; for they bear him
Not to release, but sentence. Hear'st thou there
The shouts of the people anxious for the show?

They bode no good. I had the wish to see
And hear what might transpire, and hurry'd thus.
'T is better otherwise; we might be known
And set on by the crowd.

John. Alas, we have been
Cowards enough already.

Si. And must be.
One only hath been true to him: a woman.
But she had nought to dread. Yet we, if faint
Were not false hearted. Stop and hear. The crowd
Will thus have time to arrange itself, before
We reach the Judgment. Hast thou haply heard
Of Judas?

John. No.

Si. I sought the High-priest's house
This morn betimes, to gather news, and found
Mary of Magdala crouch'd without the gate.
She had watch'd there all the night. Ere yet I spake,
Even while I stoop'd to lift her head, which lay
On her spread palms, that rested on her knees,
The portal opens, and behold, where comes,
Haggard, wild-looking, Judas; in his hand
A leathern money-pouch; which when I saw,
Enrag'd, I wanted but the sword I held
The night before to have hew'd him into shreds.

John. 'T was better as it was.

Si. As thou shalt hear.
When her he saw, his paleness grew like death,
And his sunk eyes glar'd in their caves. At first,

When Mary, lifting up her head, gave out
A strange, low cry of horror, and again
Sunk it upon her knees, he stepp'd aside
As would he hurry from us, but stopp'd short,
And, laying his hand upon her shoulder, said,
In tremulous tones and broken, *Mary — come.*

John. How could he hope it?

Si. Haply, for the means
He had to bribe her. But he knew her not.
Upstarting with a shiver, back she drew,
And facing him a moment, with a look
Which held him as the serpent's holds the bird, —
For, though his jaw dropp'd and his ghastly cheek
Turn'd as I thought still ghastlier, from her eyes
He could not take away his own, — cried "Come?
Come! And with thee? I 'd rather serve the lust
Of all Jerusalem's ruffians, turn by turn.
Their tumbling hands would not pollute my robe
As do thy fingers. Go thou, thy own way,
To the Devil's angels." Then she turn'd her back,
And gathering round her face her long hair stood
Under the door-beam, with her head sunk down
On both her palms. *Thou wilt then. Be it so.*
This was all Judas answer'd. Tearing open
The bag's clos'd mouth, he shook it up i' the air,
Scattering the coin it held in falling showers,
For which the urchins scrambled that were nigh
And others gather'd, then with one wild glare
Turn'd upon Mary, not regarding me,

Rush'd from the spot, to the Temple, as they tell,
And managing to climb the southern wall,[34]
Flung himself downward headlong.

John. What an end!

Si. Better, though frightful, than the unweighable guilt
Which led to it.

John. Heaven forgive him!

Si. Well, amen.

Scene IV.

The Gabbatha or Pavement.

Pontius *on the Judgment-seat.*
Jesus *before him.*
Caiaphas, *with a number of the Sanhedrim,*
among whom are Nicodemus *and* Joseph *of* Ramathaim
and the Scribe,
behind and to the right of Jesus, —
Caiaphas nearly abreast of him, and Nicodemus a
little removed, in the rear of Caiaphas.
Roman Guards, with their Subcenturio *or Lieutenant,*
on the left. Other guards at the bottom of the
Pavement; where is a promiscuous crowd of Jews, fore-
most of whom are Mary, *Jesus' mother*, Martha,
and Mary Magdalena.

Cai. By our most ancient and God-given laws,
Never yet abrogated, though in part at times
Fall'n into some disuse, the accus'd is found,
For blasphemous words and acts that scout our faith,
Worthy of death, which in an earlier day,
When Judah's lion was yet uncag'd nor hid
The terror of his claws, we might ourselves
Have giv'n by the people's hands. But not for this,

Our Jewish causes, albeit of grave offence,
Ask we the Roman sentence, but for that
Which touches Rome herself, flagitious aims
Of personal ambition; thereunto,
The inciting of the rabble to revolt,
And subtle teachings of sophistic lore
That rouse bad passions and bring into distrust
And hatred lawful rule and those who stand,
Its ministers, athwart that tortuous way
That leads, by steps of tumult and grave crime,
To a one-day's baseless throne. — I have said.

Pon. Speak thou.
I am bound and shall be well-content to hear
All thou canst urge against this charge. Is 't true
Thou hast the insane ambition to aspire
To build again that throne whose scatter'd parts
Never shall join again?

Jesus. The throne I build,
Or seek to build, is founded not by hand,
But rose by Heaven's fiat, what time the Sons
Of God Hosanna shouted when the man,
New-fashion'd of the elements, stood up
Lord of himself and nature, and its parts
Have never been disjointed and can not
Be scatter'd, though at times half-hid and dimm'd
By dust and rust of ages, as at times,
In other ages, unobscur'd and bright
With cumulative brilliance; for its base
Is solid as the world, and with the world

Alone shall crumble.

Pon. Leave thy Eastern pomp
Of symbols; I am Roman. What should be
That seat unshakable?

Jesus. The throne of mind.

Pon. 'T is proudly said, and, is it said with truth,
Implies no rebel purpose. If thy dream
Were ever realiz'd, and thou shouldst wield
The kings-staff of the intellect o'er minds
Made vassals to thy own, would not thy heart
Have human longings for an earthly rule,
Or wouldst thou not be carried on the tide
Of popular favor to that shelvy shore
Where many like thee are dash'd to pieces, few
Are wash'd unwounded, yet the Alpine surf
Thunders to them in vain? I speak thy style:
Answer in mine.

Jesus. They who would mount to power
On the mob's servile shoulders, by fair words
Coax them to stoop. Who ever knew my tongue
Tam'd to cajolement? who has not, of all
Who have heard me, here, in Galilee, where'er
I have taught in public, or have spoke at home,
Known me to be no flatterer, speaking truths
That humbled, or offended, and whose aim
Was profit to the hearer, not to me?
What else implies the High-priest? If I am
A rabble-leader, why am I found here,
And the streets quiet?

Cai. I have said indeed,
His acts are blasphemous and revolt the sense
Even of the people; 't is his insolent mood
Flush'd by success: but not the less his arts
Are constantly seditious; and for this,
Lo his arrest in private and by night.
Who knows the fickle populace? To-day,
The wind blows hard against the man; to-morrow,
Loose him, 't may set again in his favor, stretch
His sail to the utmost, and his galley send
Safely to haven. It drives, as thou hast said,
Most noble Pontius, tow'rd a dangerous shore:
But shall we leave to shallows and sunk rocks
The chance of its destruction?

Pon. Hast thou proofs?

Cai. The witnesses are absent, all save one,
A man of standing, letter'd in the law,
Here in our body, and who avers as they.
But is 't thy pleasure, from the outer crowd
Men may be summon'd, even by the score,
For a like attest, that in this Nazarene
Is risen a new form of the would-be kings,
Subtler, more dangerous, laying not open siege,
With enginery of violent revolt,
To tower and citadel of faith and state,
But digging darkling hourly underneath
Their deep foundations.

Nic. Suffer me in turn
To plead, O Pontius. The one witness here,

What was his evidence? This naked fact,
That in the tumult yesterday one cry'd,
Scoffingly, *This our King!* No man disputes,
The accus'd will not deny, the ignorant mass,
Looking for that Messias which should come,
Would make of him their leader. It may be
His very followers hope so much. What then?
All men, his followers, I myself, have heard,
Nay, has he not maintain'd it even now?
He aspires to wield the sceptre of the mind
Over men's morals. Worker in a field
Too long left fallow, his strong hands would pluck
The tares that choke the wheat, and make to grow
The harvest many fold. That idlers take
The husbandman for master, turn his spade
Into a sceptre, and his humbled knees
Make bow'd upon a king's seat, is the fault
Of their false vision. Caiaphas declares
His tongue insidious and his lessons craft.
Circuitous indeed the craft which makes
Opprobrious speech serve flattery and accepts
Insults and stones for homage. — I have said.

Pon. And after my own thinking. Were it meet,
I could myself bring witness of the truths
That base thy argument. But speak again,
Thou Nazarene. Wouldst thou indeed be king?

Jesus. Not would Rome's emperor guard my peaceful throne,
And wreathe my staff with myrtle. But through blood
To wade to its possession, and by wars

Maintain its mastery! not were I indeed,
What I have never claim'd to be and know
I am not, of David's seed. Kings are not cast,
Not in these troublous times, in such a mold
As shap'd my clay; and they whose tongues ascribe
Worldly ambition to this mournful heart,
See not its fountains, or pollute their flow.

Pon. I h've heard much in thy praise from one I love.
I credit it. Kings of thy stuff may reign;
But they who achieve a throne, or found its steps,
Are woven of stouter thread. Thy web would break
As easily as the spider's. But thy acts,
Thy lore, give umbrage, and, if true or not,
Rightly, I think, for thou wast born a Jew,
And owest observance to thy country's rites,
Its faith, its priesthood. If I let thee go,
Wilt thou forswear thy preaching, and thy lore
Keep for the closet, where thy gods alone
Shall dictate to thy conscience?

Jesus. Is the price
Of freedom the soul's servitude, to chain
The thoughts in profitless cells, and that good work
The Father bids me do, and gave me power
Fitly to do, abandon? What were life
Without the aims of life? 'T is not to eat,
To drink, to sleep, to bask him in the sun,
Make man's sole being. He shares that with the beast.
The soul has its own nourishment and warms
Its blood in sunshine from a heaven within.

Take from me that existence, thou mayst give
My body to my foes. I will not chain
My freeborn thoughts, I cannot live a drone.

Cai. Thou seest, most noble Pontius, kindly grace
Is wasted on him. Loos'd, the man will be
The same fomenter of disturbance still.
Nay, he finds glory in it, and, thanking not,
Throws in thy teeth thy bounty, nor will take
Even life itself, save as he likes the terms.
That cannot be. The interest of state,
The policy of Cæsar, — dare I say it,
Thy own high function, — all require that crimes
Such as the Council prove on the accus'd
Should not go unchastis'd.

Pon. Nor shall they so.
Haply, since contumacious, though not wrong
In his own eyes, he needs correction. Thus,
He shall be scourg'd, ere loos'd.

Nic. No, Pontius, no.
Do not to him what never could be done
To any freeborn Roman. If a Jew,
He is not less a freeman, and the best,
Since freest, of his kind.

Pon. Not of my choice,
But need, I offer it, hoping so to spare
The greater punishment.

Scribe. Which he deserves.
Scourge him not, noble Pontius: to the cross,
In justice, give him.

Peop. Crucify him.

Pon. Peace! —
Hear'st thou that clamor? 'T is not I would treat
Thy Rabbin as a slave. — Wilt thou repent,
Thou Jesus, of thy teaching, and these fools,
That will not have thee, leave to their own ways?
Choose thy own doom.

Jesus. The cross affrights me not,
Nor yet the lash. No punishment enslaves
The freeborn spirit, which stripes can not degrade,
Nor public death with torture make forget
Its true condition. Give me, if thou wilt,
To death: 't is in thy power, if thy own soul
Will let thee: but not thou, nor Cæsar's self,
Nor the whole world combin'd, can change one thought,
Or make me other than I am.

Cai. Behold!
Clamors the people justly?

Peop. To thé Cross!

Scribe. He is a foe to Cæsar.

Peop. To the cross!

Mary. No, no! he is mad: he knows not what he says.

Pon. Silence, ye curs! Thou woman, what art thou?

Mary. I am his mother. Have mercy! He is mad.

Cai. Be silent, woman; and thou, sobbing one,
Who art with her. Let them, Pontius, be remov'd.

Pon. Spare thy advice: I am judge and ruler here.
The woman may give witness. — Is this sooth
Thy mother speaks of thee? I am prone to think

Thou art in thy lofty fancies parcel-mad,
Like all the prophets, and at times seest not
The worldly way before thee. Stray'st thou thus,
We cannot make thee answer for thy acts,
And shall dismiss thee.

Jesus. Rather let me bear
My foes' worst malice, than, offending truth,
Hear in the mind the upbraiding voice of God.
I would, O Pontius, thou and all the rest
Saw with as clear a vision as I see
And had as sound a judgment.

Cai. Said I well?
The leopard cannot change his spots; the beast
Gotten on blasphemy by the vulgar rut
Of lunatic ambition will uprear
Its heads defiant and be rampant still.

Pon. He hath the stubborn courage of his stock.
Why should you Jews upbraid it?

Cai. For it threats
Hourly our peace. I must be pardon'd here,
O noble Pontius, that I dare avow
Wonder at thy forbearance. Shall one man
Be of more count than thousands? If the corpse
Of one bad subject may stop up the vent
Whence flows, or may flow, streams of innocent blood,
Shall we not use it? more too when, besides,
All interests combin'd that thrive by peace
Are peril'd by false mercy?

Pon. What wouldst thou?

He is a brave man, and, I think, a good.
Hark to the women wailing. Will not less
Than death content thee?

Cai. Let the people say.

Peop. Death to the would-be king!

Scribe. To Cæsar's foe.

Peop. Give him to crucifixion.

Pon. Silence, Jews.

Nic. One word, O Pontius.

Pon. Thee I gladly hear.

Nic. The Scribe in malice calls him Cæsar's foe.
Thou wilt take me as witness, — shall I swear?
Joseph of Ramathaim too will swear,
And others, is there need, — that Jesus here,
This innocent, most wrong'd man, at all times bids
Obedience to authority, and makes
A special point that tribute should be paid
To Cæsar. Shall I prove it?

Pon. Not to me:
I credit it. But thou seest yon bigot crowd,
Already toss'd by passion. They are Jews.
In Rome, the prisoner would not stand arraign'd
One hour. What can I do? Your senate calls
For sentence; and the people, for some cause,
Are wroth against their idol. Of my will,
It were a stretch of power to set him free,
He, too, obdurate. — Men of Judah, hear.
On this your annual festival ye are wont
To have freed to you a prisoner. Let it be

This blameless Nazarene.

Peop. No, no; not him!

Scribe. Before us, he is guilty.

Pon. Stolid hearts,
Ye know not what is guilt. Hear yet again.
There lieth in prison, fetter'd, due to death,
A man whose guilt admits no doubt, — Barabbas, —
Taken in open revolt, with armed hands,
Red with a soldier's murder. Which of these,
This peace-persuading teacher, or the rebel,
Blood-stain'd and ruffian, will ye I release?

Scribe. Barabbas.

Peop. Ay, Barabbas.

Pon. And this man,
What shall be done with him?

Scribe. What we have said:
Give him to crucifixion.

Peop. To the cross!

Pon. Think better of it. He hath done no act
Deserving death.

Scribe. He hath by our own law
Wrought several such.

Cai. And, laboring to subvert,
Whether of will or led on by events,
The existing state, deserves it at Rome's hands.

Pon. Hear'st thou, unhappy? Hast thou aught to say
Before thou goest to punishment?

Jesus. But this.
In the dread names of Liberty and Right,

Which die not, though oft wounded, and whose tongues
Even tyrants have at times to hear in heart
When the ear shuts to them, I do protest
Against this sentence, which does wrong to truth,
To reason, and to justice. Take thou heed,
Thou who canst plead no passion, nor art blind
By bigotry or prejudice. My life,
God will require it at thy hand.

Pon. Thy god
Will not. Is 't I condemn thee? Lo, your rites
Lend me a symbol, and I wash my hands
Of all spot of thy blood.

Scribe. Be it on our robes.

Peop. And on our children's heads.

Cai. Amen, for aye.

Nic. Yea, it will be for aye, while man has thought
Or Heaven the sense of judgment. Madmen all!
But [*to Jos.*] that the unclouded Roman should so see
Himself expurgated!

Pon. What sayst thou there?
Thou art a bold man, and I like thee better
Than all thy race; for thou skulk'st not behind
Old ambush'd superstitions, when the darts
Of pitiless folly hurtle against truth:
But thou kenn'st not expedience and what must
The man who sits where I sit. Still, for thee
I will do something and for him thou hast shielded.
Hark, Marius. [*turning to the Subcenturion.*] Go thou with
the guard. Protect,

So far as may be, from the foul-mouth'd mob
The prisoner, and see no useless pangs
Lengthen his agony.

While this is saying, the women have made their way to Jesus, who kisses tenderly his mother, speaks a word to Martha, and laying his hand on Mary Maydalena's head, who kneeling embraces his knees, appears to console her. The Jews stand apart, looking on not disrespectfully; nor does Caiaphas betray displeasure.

And now the Guards approach, and the Subcenturion, putting aside gently the women, is about to give Jesus to be bound, when Pontius cries from his seat:

Let the man walk free.

Jesus. [*to Nic. and Jos. who approach and take his hands.*]
Farewell. Were the world like you twain; were ten
Alone in all Jerusalem like thee,
O generous Nicodemus, I might sigh
To sink to darkness while my sun of life
Is yet at mid-day: but now Truth is dead,
And Reason's heart, made bestial, gives no throb
That answers me, refusing to be stirr'd,
I close my books of stewardship and go,
If not with gladness, yet without regret,
To give in the account. Farewell.

Nic. For thee,
Thou art happier not to live than see the ills
That wait this generation, by their God

Abandon'd. Even I am prophet here,
And weep the desolate city that shall be,
The blood-stain'd and the bad. And now, farewell.
I need not bid thee die as fits a man.
Thou art sure to do so. Joseph and myself
Vow to thee seemly burial.

Jos. Thou shalt sleep,
Lov'd Rabbin, in my own new tomb. Farewell.

Cai. Pass on. Ye dally there too long.

Jos. For shame! [*low.*

Nic. [*aloud.*
He is right. The folded, tether'd, dog-watch'd herd
Must not have time to scent what stuff they browse.

Act the Fifth

Scene I. *A highway leading to Golgotha or Calvary.*

Nicodemus *and* Joseph
walking slowly and sorrowfully upward.
Enter,
from the opposite direction and pass on,
Mary, *weeping, and supported by* John *and* Martha.
Close behind her, Mary Magdalena, *her face*
buried in her hands,
over which her long hair falls dishevelled.
Further back,
Simon, *who is intercepted by Nicodemus and Joseph.*

Nic. How fares it with him, Simon?

Si. As with one —
(Mind not my tears. I have not wept till now —
Not till thou spak'st) — as — as with one whose thoughts
Are no more of this world. His eyes are clos'd,
And his head droops more low, and lower. They,
The women, were not suffer'd to remain;
And the last words the master spake bade John
Take his place with his mother. Go ye now
To see him?

Nic. 'T is our duty we have thought.
Why hast thou left him?
Si. 'T was too much to bear,
Those mangled hands and feet, bedropp'd with gore
From their jagg'd punctures, and that pallid face,
Whereon the sweat of weakness and death-pain
Stands in large drops that seem too thick to fall.
His mother happily saw him not, until
The cross rose with its horrid load above
The heads of the shouting rabble: for no groan
Came from his lips to fright her, when the spikes
Were driven through his stretch'd palms, and his feet,
Press'd down to take them. There was but one sound
When ceas'd the hammer, and the tree was rais'd,
When, looking languidly around, then up
Unto the sky, the Rabbi pray'd of God
Forgiveness for his murderers.
Nic. And this
The man the Roman, on a mean pretence
Of state-expedience, yielded to a death
Reserv'd for slaves and ruffians! Well it were,
Had he been there to hear him. Let us go.
Seems he to suffer yet? or did he take
The potion?
Si. No, he wav'd it back, when offer'd
Before he was affix'd, and once again,
With motion of the head and mournful smile,
After the cross was lifted.
Nic. As I thought,

Valiant as good. I yet may spare him pain.
Let us make haste.

Si. With the good Elders' leave,
I will attend them, and behold the end.

Scene II.

Golgotha. Jesus *on the cross.*
Around, a Roman Guard; behind whom, the Subcenturion.
The People in the foreground.
Among them, lowest down, and a little apart, two of the Witnesses *that had appeared before the Sanhedrim.*
These converse in low tones.

1*st Wit.* He has a stanch heart, and had led us well
Were he so minded. I am almost griev'd
I lent a hand to bring him to a fate
He bears so bravely.

2*d Wit.* But whose fault was that?

1*st Wit.* Why, the High-priest and Scribe's.

2d Wit. I meant not that.
They would have done their work in any wise,
By others, if not us. We are scarce to blame.
'T was his own rashness brought the Rabbi here.
Why must he talk of things which, even if wrong,
He could not better?

1st Wit. Ay, there was a time
We might have plac'd him on a different throne,
Though lower than this bloody one, and spar'd
The Romans' doing guard. A man that makes
So little of his life, and with his voice
And eyes and mien, had made a goodly king
If not of David's line. He might have driven
This swarm of locusts into the Salt Sea,
And made our nation glorious.

2d Wit. I think not.
Seest thou, he dies not as your heroes die.
Samson bless'd not his enemies. This man
Had warn'd them from the roof before it crash'd,
More pleas'd alone to suffer. Lo, where comes
The Elder who spake out for him, nor less
He who is more suspected still of faith
In the new doctrine, Joseph. Is not he,
Who walks behind them, one of the mad Twelve?
The High-priest will be glad to hear of this.

1st Wit. Have thou no more to do with it. What good
Would come thereof? Is Nicodemus one
To stand in fear of Caiaphas? Enough
What is before thee.

Enter
NICODEMUS *and* JOSEPH,
followed by SIMON.
They place themselves behind the Subcenturion,
Nicodemus nearest him.

Nic. [*low, to Jos.*] He is not yet gone.
His head hangs down; his face is not convuls'd. —
Think'st thou he suffers? [*to Subc.*
Subc. Surely. He is brave,
And will not show it. But behold, his head
Again is lifted. He will speak.
Jos. That look
In the sad, upturn'd eyes! O God!
Subc. Be hush'd:
His lips are open'd now.
Jesus. My God! my God!
How long wilt Thou forsake me? [35]
Nic. 'T is too much.
Simon is sobbing. And I wonder not.
A word with thee. [*to Subc.*
Subc. I listen. But again,
He is about to speak.
Jesus. Yet not my will,
O Father; thine be done.
Subc. The head once more
Drops on the shoulder. Can you Jews hear that,
And think this man's fate justify'd?
Nic. Thou then

Seest it not willingly?

Subc. A brave man's death,
Met, not in fight, but thus! What deem'st thou me?
I would I could withdraw.

Nic. There is no time
Fix'd for his pangs' duration?

Subc. No, indeed.
The Procurator's self bade needless pain
Be spar'd him.

Nic. Hasten then his death,
And bind me to thee ever.

Subc. For thy sake,
Who art a brave man too, and didst thy best
To rescue him, I will. What wilt thou have?

Nic. Here, in thy ear. [*Whispers.*
And give the man this daric,
That his thrust fail not.

The Subcenturion, leaning over, gives direction and the gold to one of the foremost soldiers, who with his spear pierces Jesus' left side.

Jesus. Father, to thy hands
I yield my spirit.

Nic. Receive it, God!

Jos. Amen!

NOTES TO THE NEW CALVARY

1.—P. 8. *Few are less favor'd.*] Several of the ancient Fathers, and not the least eminent among them, maintained that Christ was very far from being conspicuous for personal comeliness: thus, Tertullian, Cyprian, Clement of Alexandria; basing their belief upon the text of Isaiah (lxiii. 2). Augustin assigned this humbleness of exterior as a reason why the Jews ventured to maltreat him. Jerom, on the contrary, uses an analogous argument (the influence, namely, of the Saviour over the Apostles) in assertion of his beauty; and the less ancient of the Church-fathers have accumulated every æsthetic particular which they thought could add to the dignity of the Son of Man. See an interesting note to Origen's Sixth Book against Celsus: *Op.* ed. Delarue (Paris. in fol. 1733) t. i. p. 689.— Justin Martyr (*Dial. con. Tryph. Jud.*) speaks of Christ as plain in person, or even deformed, αειδης, as the Scriptures announced that he should be,— ὡς αἱ Γραφαι εκηρυσσον: § 88. *Op.* in *Patrol. Graec.* ed. Migne (Paris. 8° 1857) t. vi. col. 687.

2.—P. 9. —*the Essean John himself*—] Josephus, in the story of his own life (§ 2), speaks of one Banus (Banous,) who lived in the desert (that is, in uncultivated places), and clothed

himself from the trees, and fed on wild herbs and fruits, *washing himself frequently with cold water by way of purification* (ψυχρῳ δε ὑδατι την ἡμεραν και την νυκτα πυλλακις λουομενον προς ἁγνειαν.*) The

* I have hesitated a good deal as to the rendering of this phrase, considering the place where it occurs. Hudson translates it "in vitæ sanctimoniam,"—*for godliness of life;* Gelenius, "ad castitatem tuendam;" and Tan. Faber (as cited by Hudson), "ad puritatem castitatemque corporis tuendam." The usual sense of ἁγνεια is certainly purity as between the sexes, chastity; but to assign that as the object of Banus' ablutions, when his mode of living effected it better, seems unreasonable. The preposition admits of being rendered *in accordance with* (as required by;) which would amount to the same thing if ἁγνεια be translated *chastity*, but not if it be made to signify *purity* in a general sense. The difference is not unimportant, because of its bearing to the question whether Banus was not an Essean. Hudson's paraphrastic phrase, if accepted, would go far to sanction my belief that he was, although translate with Gelenius, *in order to maintain his chastity*, and there is a sufficient conjectural confirmation, since chastity was a special point of observance with the Esseans, who, like the *Shakers* with us, whom they seem to have prototyped, did not marry — not at least the main order. See *Mark* vii. 3 & 4. The frequent use of ablution is there shown to have been common with those who affected sanctimony; and the Esseans only carried the practice further, and made the lustration a primary rite of initiation into their order, like the baptism of John. I may add that ἁγνεια has sometimes an active signification, and may be rendered, as I have ventured to do it, *purification*.

Finally, see *Matthew* iii. 6, 7, and 11 & 13. From all of which we do not learn where John obtained the idea of purification by baptism (*immersion* in water), and it is evident that it was already a custom among certain of the Jews, whom I take to have been Esseans, and that others came to be initiated (*vv.* 5, 6,) including some of the two other sects (*v.* 7).

The connection of ablution with the observances of religion, and hence, or perhaps primarily, of bodily purity with the religious sentiment, may be said to be natural, especially in warm climates. Its origin however, so far as respects the Hebrews, may be traced to the Egyptians, whose priests, we are told, practised it, as Banus did, repeatedly both day and night. (1)

(1) See Sir J. G. Wilkinson's *Manners and Customs of the Anc. Egyptians* (Lond. 8° 1837 and 1841), vol. iii. p. 358, — a work which I have had the pleasure of reading only after the completion of these Notes and while the drama was going through the press: which will explain why the information or illustration thence derived appears at the foot of a page, or at the end of a note, instead of being embodied in it as it deserved.

conjecture of Dr. Hudson, mentioned by Whiston in a note to the passage, that this Banus might well have been a follower of John the Baptist, is wholly gratuitous. Banus was more likely, what John the Baptist was, an ascetic of the kind we see more than once indicated in Scripture, as in the case of Elijah *et al.* and, from what Josephus has implied, belonged to the Esseans, as I have supposed did also John. See in Whiston's translation, note p. 17 of Vol. I., Oxford ed. (§ 2 of *Life*) and p. 31 (§ 47).

The strong resemblance between the usages, religious and social, of the *Essæi*, *Esseni*, or Esseans and those of the primitive Christians did not escape the early Fathers of the Church, the most of whom, following the indication of Eusebius, affected to consider them and their kindred sect in Egypt (the *Therapeutes*) as actual followers of Jesus, whereas, as a matter of chronology merely, they both preceded him. See EUSEB. *Hist. Eccl.* ii. c. 17, and the note in refutation, col. 175 t. xx. *Patr. Grac.* ed. s. cit.*; SOZOMENI *H. E.* i., c. 12, *prope fin.*, with the two annotations, col. 895 t. lxvii., *P. G.* Photius however regarded the coincidence more dispassionately. *Cf.* Mangey: not. ad p. 471 PHILON. *Op.* t. ii. Lond. in fol. 1742. See also JOSEPH. *Antiq. Jud.* xviii. c. i. p. 870, t. i. ed. Havercamp. Amstel. etc. in fol. 1726. Among modern writers of Church History, the Protestant Gfrörer has not hesitated to say (*Allgem. Kirchengeschich.* t. i. (Stuttg. 8° 1844) p. 153), that he who does not see in the Essean Order the great forerunner of Christianity is utterly without capacity for history: "er möge von der Geschichte ferne bleiben, denn aller historische Sinn geht ihm ab." He is

* The Bishop gives it as hearsay (λογος εχει), that Philo had intercourse with Peter at Rome, *who was then preaching there!* whence he infers that the famous Jewish writer drew much of his information and presumed Christianity from that erudite apostle. In the same spirit, but less excusably, Whiston assumes Josephus to have been an *Ebionite Christian:* note p. 548, vol. ii. Bohn's ed. — See subnote 1, p. 147.

right: Christianity is nothing else than an offshoot of Esseanism, transplanted, and by peculiar advantages of soil and cultivation bearing such goodly fruit, as is to its original wild product what the plum is to the sloe, or the fleshy peach to the pulpless almond. The learned and candid German is right, except perhaps in his ill-chosen epithet of *great:* but he forgot that intellectually none are so hopelessly blind as those who will not see, who dare not see, or who pretend not to see. The omission in the New Testament of all mention of these Jewish Puritans, as the Esseans may be called, when the Pharisees and Sadducees are so often named, is certainly significant. Josephus, who really has not a word about Christ or Christians (*see below*, note 21), paints admiringly and lovingly the habits of the Esseans, as Philo, with a like interest, does of the Therapeutes. The former of these writers is, in the English version, in almost all private libraries. Not to adduce other particulars which will startle, perhaps painfully, every reader who familiar with the New Testament meets for the first time with the portraiture referred to, there are the *lustration by water* and the *common meal;* the latter of which bears a striking resemblance to that of the Christians as described by Justin. The water ceremony is pronounced by Gfrörer (*l. c.* p. 151) *the true historical origin of Christian baptism.* It is indisputably. Who looks for any other errs against one of the first principles of philosophy, and darkens his windows to light a farthing candle at noonday.

3.—P. 20. —"*the beginning*"—] Alluding to the first words of Genesis, by which that book was designated with the Hebrews. "In the beginning, the gods [*elohim*, pl. Heb.] created the heaven and the earth." Probably a purely Egyptian sentence,* taken

* Cf. *Gen.* I. 26: . . "Let *us* make man in *our* image, after *our* likeness". . . ; also III. 22: . . "Behold the man is become as one of *us*.". . No reasoning can deprive these phrases of their simple meaning, which implies, and

perhaps from the *sacred books* mentioned by Manetho; and in like manner that which follows, which indicates, so far as we know and may conjecture from what we know, the cosmogony of the Egyptian priesthood. See Wilkinson's *Anc. Egyps.* 2d. scr. vol. i. pp. 273–5 and ii. 134 sq.; also, *ib.* i. 337 at bottom, the citation from Plutarch, which will remind the reader of a theory prevalent among men of science in his own day. Cf. *Job*, xxxviii, 9.

4.—P. 21. —*provision — ample as Solomon's.*] 1 *Kings* iv. 22, 23.

5.—P. 22. *Your Moses taught you lore After the fables of the priests of On.*] *Acts* vii. 22.— It is not unlikely that he was himself a priest in the City of the Sun, as Manetho would have it (see *Agst. Apion* I. 26,) and as is apparent from the internal evidence of his own laws.* The Egyptian historian says he was

in a manner indicating a prevalent opinion not admitting of dispute, a belief in polytheism. The Septuagint have indeed chosen to read ὁ Θεος, *God*, wherever the Hebrew copies have the plural as above: but they have not been able to pervert or mystify the plain signification of the last of these sentences: Ιδου Αδαμ γεγονεν ὡς εἰς ἐξ ἡμων.

* No man ever made those laws who was not bred a priest, and who had not come from a hierarchy that exercised the most absolute power over the minds of the vulgar. The tyranny of his legislation, which, after his Egyptian models, regulates even the pettiest details of the household, the diet and the dress, putting thus a thousand chains of discipline and religious form upon both mind and body, has perhaps never been equaled save in the moral and religious vassalage once effected by the church of Rome. Besides, if he was not a priest and of Egypt, what becomes of the assertion that he was instructed in all the wisdom of its people? The jealousy with which that exclusive possession of its hierarchy was guarded, a possession to whose full enjoyment not even all of its own body were admitted (1). would not have been relaxed in favor of one of a degraded and subject race, even could there have been found the opportunity of acquiring it, occupied as he is described to have been in his very doubtful history. Yet Josephus

(1) Cs. Clem. Alex. *Strom.* V. c. vii. *ad init.* (Op. in Migne *P. G.* ix. col. 68.)

born in Heliopolis and was named *Osarsiph*, from the god Osiris, but himself changed his name afterward to Moses. *ib.**

The word *Moses* (Moüses), which we are told signified in Egyptian *Water-saved*,† may have suggested the pretty fable of the floating cradle, or may have been devised to correspond and give permanence as well as verisimilitude to that invention. Or again,

has dared to make him a successful general under the reigning Pharaoh (*Ant. J.* II. x. 1.),—in the same spirit in which he assigns to simple Abram the mastery of arithmetic and astronomy, which that patriarch is made to have imparted to the Egyptians, who at a later day enlightened the Greeks, (*ib.* I. viii. 2); a preposterous fable, which Eusebius repeats, citing in confirmation Eupolemus, out of Polyhistor, with the improvement that Abram was the inventor of those sciences (*Præp. Evang.* Op. in Migne *P. G.* xxi. cc. 706 sq.); whereas, apart from a hundred other reasons that might be assigned against it, were it worth the arguing, there is the probable fact, derived from a better authority, that the Chaldeans of Babylon were originally a colony of Egyptians who carried with them thither the science of their priests. (2) I imagine that the Cambridge Professor of Mathematics would have had something to say thereon, if his object were not always to justify rather than correct his mendacious historian.

* Λεγεται δ' ὁτι, κ. τ. λ. *But it is said that the priest who laid the foundations of their state and laws, by birth a Heliopolitan, in name Osarsiph, from the god Osiris in Heliopolis, when he had gone over to this people changed his name and was called Moÿses.* Contr. Apionem: l. i. § 26, *ad fin.* Jos. *Op.* t. vi. ed. Richter, 12ª. Lips. 1826.

On (pron. *own*) and Heliopolis were one, according to the Seventy: (. . και Ων, ἡ εστιν 'Ηλιουπολις. *Exod.* i. 11.) For its reputation as a seat of learning, see Wilkinson. IV. 301, sq.

† From "Mo," *water*, and "Uses", the *rescued* therefrom. Jos. *Ant.* II. ix. 6.—Elsewhere, he divides the word differently: το δ' αληθες ονομα, κ. τ. λ. —*but the true name indicates the saved from the water, Moÿses; for the Egyptians call water Moÿ* [Μωϋ]. *Apion.* i. 31. *prope fin.* It is not an uncommon thing for Josephus to have two ways of telling one thing.

(2) Φασι δε και τους εν Βαβυλων Χαλδαιους, αποικους Αιγυπτιων ουτας, την ἑαξαν εχειν την περι της αστρολογιας, παρα των ἱερων μαθοντας των Αιγυπτιων. Diod. Sic. I. lxxxi. p. 240 t. i. Wesseling. ed. (8° Bipont. 1793.) With which compare *ib.* c. xxviii *ad. init.* p. 79.

I have argued above on the assumption that there was such a person as the Chaldean Abram, whereas I have very great doubts whether such ever existed except in the sacred traditions of the Egyptians respecting the patriarchs of their own race, whose first man was molded of *red earth* in that Garden which was surrounded by the branching Nile in what is known as the Delta.

the son of Jochebed may have so called himself, or have been so called by acclamation of the people, in what must have been their familiar tongue, the Egyptian, to denote their preservation, when, by the swift in-rushing of the tide, the "Memphian chivalry" were prevented from pursuing over the ford.

6.—P. 22. *Witness the death-fruit and the serpent's guile*, etc.] Whence Moses, or whoever wrote the first book of the Pentateuch, drew the fable of the origin of sin, cannot now be known; for we have only fragments of the Egyptian historians. The Babylonian priest, Berosus, who lived about three centuries before Josephus, had, as we find in this latter writer (*c. Ap.* i. 19,) the story of Noah and the Ark. In all probability, he drew it, if not directly yet through the Chaldean records, from the same sources as the author of Genesis, that is from the *sacred books* of Egypt; and it is safe to conclude, that, in the account of the Creation (with which almost all historians, down to the comparatively modern date of the Middle Ages, thought themselves bound to begin their books,) his narrative, and likewise that of Manetho, and the thousand years older Phenician history of Sanchoniathon, would have been found to correspond with that of the Hebrews. The darkness of the undistinguishable deep; the vast void of the unanimated and yet chaotic earth; the unseparated and encompassing waters, over which hovered, as if brooding, the procreative Spirit; all are, as indicated in a previous note, ideas of the old Egyptians,* which found their way to the philosophy of younger nations, initiating the hypotheses of their poets and sowing the seeds of the speculations of their sages. And we may fairly assume that the Garden of Eden, notwithstanding the Hebraic contradiction in the names and course of its putative rivers, was, as already

* See Wilkinson as before; 2d. S. II. last ¶ on p. 134, sq.: and compare, for the remainder of the sentence, Ovid's fine opening of the *Metamorphoses*.

suggested, placed, by those fanciful cosmogonists, between the diverging branches of the Nile.

It may be objected that the *serpent* was an object of religious veneration in Egypt, a symbol of the power of its kings, an ornament on the heads of its divinities and a special emblem of the deity Cneph or Cnouph himself, who was the principal and oldest, if not, as Plutarch supposes, the sole god of the Thebaïs, the Creative Spirit of the Universe.* But it is to be observed, in the

* It was perhaps this serpent, the asp, the emblem of Cneph, which Moses, inconsistently (though not for the first time) with his own Commandment, made out of brass and set up, on the journey from Mt. Hor by the Red Sea. *Num.* xxi. 9. (1) Cf. 2 *Kings*, xviii. 4.

Cneph was the αγαθος δαιμων, the *good demon*, of the Phenicians. (2) *Vid.* Euseb. *Præparation. Evang.* I. x, & III. xi, (cc. 88 & 206 sq. ap. Migne. ed. *P. G.* cit. t. xxi.) He tells us, the Egyptians, when depicting the world [the sun, rather,] form a circle, colored so as to represent at once the appearance of air and the bright redness of fire, wherein the serpent, *hawk-formed*, lies extended, as if holding it together; the whole figure resembling the letter Θ, and the serpent signifying the good demon: . . . οἱ Αιγυπτιοι, . . . τον κοσμον γραφοντες, περιφερη κυκλον αεροειδη και πυρωπον χαρασσουσι και μεσον τεταμενον οφιν ιερακομορφον. Και εστι το παν σχημα ὡς το παρ' ἡμιν Θητα· τον μεν κυκλον κοσμον μηνυοντες, τον δε μεσον οφιν συνεκτικον τουτου αγαθον δαιμονα σημαινοντες. The *hawk-form* must apply only to the head; for it is not easy to see how otherwise the extended serpent could be made to resemble the connecting bar or cross-line of the Greek letter, even if it could remain a serpent at all. (3)

Thus, the old writers made the asp to be a representation of Cneph himself, and not his symbol. But the moderns have judged better, as observing and comparing more closely; and Sir Gardner Wilkinson has given us an image of Cneph with a ram's head. Such an image could not, I think, have existed in the days of a pure deism, but must have had a much later creation, when the progress of superstition had corrupted with the perversions of a manifest idolatry the current faith, that faith which though obscured was not forgotten, when Moses imbibed its precepts, if not orally, yet from the arcana of the sacred books.

(1) See Wilkinson's account of the Cerastes or Horned Snake of Upper Egypt,— vol. V. p. 246: and compare Josephus' story of the snakes which beset the march of Moses, when an Egyptian general,— *Ant.* II. x. 2.

(2) This the modern archæologist I have so often found it a satisfaction to cite at the close of these Notes would appear to consider an error of Eusebius'. See *Anc. Egyp.* iv. p. 239.

(3) Cs. as in subnote 2.

first place, that the reptile of Genesis is spoken of as but a reptile, ("Now the serpent was more subtle than any beast of the field which the Lord God had made"*); and in the next, that the author or authors of Genesis, writing in the iconoclastic spirit of Moses, and long after his generation had passed away, may have wished to hold up the serpent as an object of special detestation, because of its prominence and almost constant appearance among the symbols of idolatry; and they may be supposed to have altered in some respects a fable which there is every reason to believe had its origin with the priests of Egypt, and no reason whatever to maintain to have originated with the inferior, if not derivate race of the Jews. The form of the globe, where small, with the accompanying, or sometimes partially enfolding asp, so common in the Egyptian monuments, is such as to remind one forcibly of the story of the fruit "whose mortal taste brought death into the world"; and if the invention of the fable is Jewish, it may have been suggested by that familiar image.

Further, there was a snake among the idols, which was not the emblem of a beneficent deity, far less the representation of a good spirit, but, as with some other nations, what may be called a natural type of the secret, insidious and maleficent spirit of evil, or of the Evil One himself, precisely as it is in the Jewish fable, if there the serpent is indeed meant to be the incarnation of any demon.†

* A belief (that of the serpent's subtlety) which may have helped to give him his emblematic importance in Egypt, where the secrecy, celerity and noiselessness of his movements, so unlike to those of other animals, may have been thought to symbolize the mysterious operations of the Deity; a feeble and inadequate type to us certainly, but not to that people whose gods *were born in their gardens*. "As wise as serpents" is a well-known phrase of the New Testament, which alludes to a long-prevalent idea with the Jews, derived doubtless from Egypt, and which probably our own derived religion has transmitted to us.

† Cs. Wilkinson again, vol. V. p. 243 sqq. I am glad to see that he discredits the popular notion that the serpent biting his own tail (an image which he ap-

And the man molded, etc.] Egypt was the mother of sculpture as well as architecture (unless India was before her in both,) and pears not to have met with in early monuments) was with the Egyptians an emblem of eternity. If there was anything more than simple fancy or convenience that dictated this unnatural position, I should like to believe it was meant to typify the vexation of the Evil One after the partial defeat of his practices on our first parents, and that the enfolded globe stood for the fatal fruit. But such a conjecture would be in contradiction to all that we know from the records and observations of ancient authors, as well as the discoveries of modern travelers, and would find nowhere a basis of support in any of them. (1)

Maimonides tells us that the Jewish doctors made the Devil to have appeared to Eve not in the form of a serpent, but mounted upon one the size of a camel. *More Nevochim. Part. II.* cap. xxx. pp. 280, sq. Buxtorf. (Basil. 4to, 1629.) The passage will be found translated in the notes to the "Epistle to Satan",— *Arthur Carryl*, Etc. pp. 232, 3.

Clemens Alexandrinus ventures to suppose that it was the name *Eva* which was shouted in the Dionysia, and would have it that that name signifies, when aspirated (*Heva*), *a female serpent. Cohort. ad Gentes* Cap. ii. *Op.* vol. I. (in Migne t. viii. c. 72 sq., and note *ib.*) If any importance could be attached to such a conjecture, which is purely fanciful, it would help to confirm my position; for the Bacchic rites came from Egypt. I mention it merely as a philological curiosity.

(1) With my self-persuasion, or indeed without it, that the story of Eden is Egyptian, I am tempted to think that the idea of the *tree of knowledge* may have had its fanciful suggestion in the emblematic, or at least sacred character attached to the *persea* (περσέα), a tree no longer extant, but sufficiently described by ancient writers. See Wilkinson as above, pp. 392 & 406, who conjectures that Plutarch (*Is. et Os.*) had reference really to this tree and not to the *peach* (περσικη, *amygdalus Persica*. Lin.), when speaking of its sacredness in Egypt and likening its fruit in shape to a *heart* and its leaves to the *human tongue*,— although the peach fruit, which is thought to be derived by artificial culture from the almond, may have had originally that ovoid shape, and its leaves too have been more rounded at the extremity than they are now. Theophrastus indeed tells us that the fruit of the *persea*, while like the pear in size, was oblong, or very long, in form, προμακρος, like an almond, αμυγδαλωδης. He speaks of the tree as an evergreen, αειφυλλον (ever-leaved), contrasting it in that respect with the pear-tree, which he says it *very much resembled in leaves and flowers and boughs*, calling it previously a *large* and *beautiful* tree. He adds that the color of the fruit was herbaceous, or dark green, πωδες, the pulp extremely *sweet* and *pleasant* and *digestible*, so that it might be eaten of freely without inconvenience,— ουδεν γαρ ενοχλει πολυν προσενεγκαμενον. *Hist. Plant* IV. ii. *Op.* I. p. 123. ed. Schneider (Lips. 8°. 1818.) See too, *ib.*, note 5, p. 284 t. III. Dioscorides has but little to say about the *persea*, except that certain writers had related that the fruit was very poisonous (*a*) in its native Persia, but had become *edible* after transplantation to the soil of Egypt: *Mat. Med.* I. ad fin. p. 166, t. I. ed. Kühn. (Lips. 8°. 1829): a fact which, with due qualification, is not unlikely in itself and makes it still more probable that it was, like the peach, of kin to the almond, if not derived from the almond by some process or accident of cultivation that left it in a sort of transition-state between the almond and the peach. In Ferrario,— *Cost. Ant. e Mod.*— *Africa* I. 44, (Firenze, 8°. 1824,)— will be found, gathered from ancient authors, a captivating account of this sacred and mystic, yet favorite Egyptian fruit-tree.

(*a*) Αναιρετικον, deadly; probably an exaggeration.

the method of the sculptor in forming his models of fictile clay would suggest the fancy of Adam's being fashioned of red earth.

7.—P. 23. *Moses ask'd*, *What* etc.] See *Exod.* iii. 13, 14.

8.—P. 25. *The Unutterable*—] Ονομα γαρ τω αρρητω θεω ουδεις εχει ειπειν· ει δε τις τολμησειεν ειναι λεγειν, μεμηνε την ασωτον μανιαν. (*For it belongs to none to give name to the unspeakable God: but if any should dare to say it exists* [the name — *i. e.* that He has a name], *he raves with incurable madness.* JUSTIN. MART. *Apol.* I. 61. (*Patr. Gr.* VI. 422.) See also *Apol.* II. 6. (*ib.* 451.)

This of course means any actual name that belongs to Him as the personal name to a human individual; for the appellations we use are merely indicative of His attributes, power, etc.; and Justin so explains it. But the Jews carried their religious reticence so far as to shun, those who professed peculiar veneration, the utterance of even the names by men appropriated, as for example *Ihoah* (Jehovah,) — *cf.* Jos. *Ant.* II. xii. 4: which I maintain to be a reasonable awe, however misused in super-sanctity by the Pharisees.

But in all of this they had the lesson, as in most other things, from Egypt, where even the gods of idolatry were, some of them, too holy to be openly designated. Thus Herodotus finds it unlawful in his work to pronounce the name of Osiris; though perhaps he may mean to imply some particular appellation which was given to that prominent divinity by the priests among themselves and before the initiated, but never revealed to the common world.

9.—P. 26. *When Zimri*, etc.] *Numbers*, xxv.

10.—P. 27. — *the captive prophet saw*, etc.] *Ezekiel*, viii.

11.—P. 28. — *Gossen*—] Goshen. So in the version of

Castellio. The Seventy make it Γεσὲμ Ἀραβιας, *Gessem of Arabia*. A commentator in Herries' Bible says it is so designated, as lying near to a part of Arabia, — which is absurd, — but quotes Shaw to the effect that Ramesses or Goshen was the Heliopolitan Nome, taking in that part of *Arabia* [?] which was partly bounded by the Nile and partly by the Red Sea. In *Genesis* xlvi. 29, it is said, — "Joseph . . went *up*, ανεβη, to meet Israel his father". . And this meeting, according to the Septuagint and to Josephus, took place at Heroöpolis: and the latter says the King gave Jacob permission to reside in Heliopolis.* How then could Goshen be in Arabia? or, if it was, what becomes of the passage of the Red Sea?

If that charming story of Joseph's fortunes is true, Joseph himself must have resided in the royal city; and he is made to tell his father and brethren that they should be near him: though how they could be so near the court and yet so far from the Egyptian people as not to give these offence (see *Gen.* xlvi. *ad fin.*) is not apparent. Again, without this proximity, without indeed the actual residence of the Israelites within the city, the events could not have transpired that are pretended to have signalized a later period, nor could the departing tribes have spoiled their oppressors. But if we reject that story and the whole fable

* *Ant. Jud.* II. vii. 6: where (in the city), curiously enough, to make plausible the assertion, he tells us the king's cattle were pastured. Heroöpolis was midway between Arsinoe or Suez, the Pelusiotic mouth of the Nile and Heliopolis. This latter city was at the apex of the Delta; and Memphis, which is supposed to have been the royal capital, as it was the metropolis of the whole country, lay on the west bank of the Nile, below it about fifteen miles. We have seen that Moses was said to have been a priest at Heliopolis, which, if his people were there settled for over two centuries (*credat Judæus*), might easily have been. At all events, in that city, renowned not for pasturage but for learning, from whose broad, not deep, nor quite pellucid fountains both Pythagoras and Plato largely drew, he may well be supposed to have imbibed a portion, if not "all" of "the wisdom of the Egyptians."

of the crossing of the Red Sea, then Goshen or Gessem might well be in that part of Arabia which had been conquered by the Pharaohs. And so placed, — that is, the people who left Egypt under Moses occupying such a part of the Egyptian realm, (which is the more probable because they were keepers of flocks and the Egyptians had a national hatred of all shepherds,) * — their wandering southward after the exodus is no longer unaccountable.

So much for the accredited history of the Hebrews. But, taking into consideration what is said of their servile condition and of their being employed to build certain cities, I am more than half-persuaded that Manetho tells from his country's archives the straighter tale, and that Moses himself was infected with leprosy; whence, and not because of Aaron's seniority, he preferred the latter to the high-priesthood.

12.—P. 29. *His stainless messenger?*] The monstrousness of the invention is not a little increased by this absurd particular; for, if the deed was done by the angel, it could not have been necessary to mark the doors that were to be avoided. Josephus takes good care to say nothing of this marking, although he speaks of the destruction of the first-born of the Egyptians and the pass-

* In the last verse of the chapter, in Joseph's caution to his father about the occupation of his family, we have the territorial designation repeated: ινα κατακοισητε εν γη Γεσεμ Αραβιας, — *that ye may dwell in the land of Gessem in Arabia.* This looks suspicious. They were to be sent thither, or to request to be, as out of the way of the Egyptians: βδελυγμα γαρ εστιν Αιγυπτιοις πας ποιμην προβατων· for, continues the royal favorite, *an abomination to the Egyptians is every pastor of flocks.* (1)

(1) Βδελυγμα is an expression of the strongest disgust and contempt. Literally, *a stench in the nostrils*; or even *peditum* by its etymology, βδεω, — according to the scurril practical mode of expressing supreme yet droll contempt, among the rabblement of all nations. The classical reader will readily bring to mind the

"Hodie tricesima sabbata: vin' tu
Curtis Judaeis oppedere?"

of Horace: a coarse but strong witticism that would have suited the dirt of Swift, yet found like a laughable squint in that bright-featured little satire, the IXth of Book I.; where see, by the by, (*in Zeunii ed.* Lond. 8°. 1809,) the curious annotation on *curtis*. It has an amusing bearing on the subject matter of our Note 15.

ing-over of the Israelites. See *Antiq.* II. xiv. 6: where he also tells us, not that his people borrowed, but that the Egyptians freely gave them, both those who were friends or neighbors and those who were glad to expedite their departure.

The sophistry by which Whiston (*note* p. 154, vol. 1. Oxf. ed.) endeavors to soften the act of the Hebrews, by making the *gifts* a *pay* and *reward* of their long service to their Egyptian masters, is a familiar kind of jesuitism which has done irretrievable mischief to morals in every like indefensible record in the Bible.*

13.—P. 29. —*the mystic stone of Truth*—] "Diodorus and Ælian both tell us, that the high priest of the Egyptians wore a precious stone about his neck, which was called *Truth;* and this is the same name by which the LXX translate *Thummim*." †

* The translator just-named carries it so far as to justify the daughters of Lot, and, by implication, incest in general under certain circumstances. See his last note to chap. xi, Book I. *A. J.*

† Wilkinson says, of his favorite Egyptians: "When a case was brought for trial, it was customary for the arch-judge to put a golden chain round his neck, to which was suspended a small figure of Truth, ornamented with precious stones. This was in fact a representation of the goddess who was worshipped under the double character of Truth and Justice, and whose name, Thmei, ["hence the θεμις of the Greeks,"] appears to have been the origin of the Hebrew Thummim; a word, according to the Septuagint translation, implying truth, and bearing a further analogy in its plural termination. And what makes it more remarkable is, that the chief priest of the Jews, who before the election of a king was also the judge of the nation, was alone entitled to wear this honorary badge; and the Thummim, like the Egyptian figure, was studded with precious stones of various colours." vol. II. 26–28. The figure there given of the goddess will be found to correspond with the kneeling figures of the Ark mentioned presently. The author tells us in a note: "Lord Prudhoe has very ingeniously suggested that the Urim is derived from the *two* asps or basilisks, *urei*, which were the emblems of royalty in Egypt. Ouro is the Egyptian word implying a king." But see thereon 2d. ser. vol. II. p. 28, where Wilkinson gives his own opinion, which inclines to that of those who consider *Urim and Thummim* to signify "lights and perfections" or "light and truth." Thus Castellio, instead of *Urim and Thum-*

Note to v. 30, chap. xxviii, *Exod.*, in Herries' Bible (Lond. fol. 1781.) "The grand ornaments that were to be worn by the high priest may serve as a striking proof of the hardheartedness of the Jews. They had seen the religious rites of the Egyptians," [during 215 years it would be strange if they had not,] "and as their notions were carnal, so God permitted them" [observe this conception of the Deity!] "to use ceremonies, which, although merely typical, could only captivate the senses." *Practical Reflect.* ib. Thus it is that simple theologians reason, having always before their eyes the one aim which is never to be lost sight of, the one belief which must be made triumphant at any cost of dissimulation, or untruth, or, as above, of degradation of the Divine character. The clerical annotator saw the facts that arose directly before him, recorded them, then, shutting his eyes, took counsel of positive faith and stopped his ears to the suggestions of understanding. Hence his Reflections are the narrow orthodoxy of a sermon. Why cannot the religion of Moses be left to stand as it was? the pure deism taught by a priest whose disgust at the multitudinous and degrading forms in which his fellows had wrapped the primitive faith was intensified and made active by personal resentment, but who was not able to wean himself, or at least his people, from the observances, and pomp of ceremony and of decoration, they had been accustomed to, and certainly not to abandon the trickery, even

mim, has in Levit. viii. 8. "*Claritas et integritas*",—unless he uses *Claritas* in a peculiar (not classical) figurative sense, to correspond with his second phrase, as the Septuagint employ δηλωσις, *manifestation, declaration:* και επεθηκεν επι το λογειον την δηλωσιν και την αληθειαν; *and he placed upon the breastplate* [λογειον· so called, I presume, because it was the seat of the supposed oracle] *openness and truth.* In Herries' Bible the commentator, to my surprise, appears to favor as "the most reasonable" the view of Hottinger (probably the Swiss professor of theology of that name in the last quarter of the 17th century) that the words refer merely to the perfectness and brightness of the stones which Moses had been commanded to select.

while revolting from it, that was the practice and the supposed strength of his order. Moses' great merit lay in his persistent, vehement and even violent hatred of idolatry. To this was owing his virtues as a leader and law-giver, but to this also his crimes, his blasphemous assumption of familiarity with the Deity, and his puerile tricks and artifices, — if these, as I have just implied, were not rather the result of his education and consequent habits as a priest.

Sphingian, as applied to *Cherubim* (3d verse below,) is in allusion to the usually supposed composite nature of those figures. But this is only expressed in one of the Prophets of a subsequent age, and perhaps implied in one of the Psalms. The Pentateuch describes them not, except so far as they appear to have conformed to those of Egypt. Josephus says (*Ant.* III. vi. 5, Whiston,) that they were "flying creatures; but their form was not like that of any of the creatures which men have seen, though" (he adds with terrible audacity) "Moses had seen such beings near the throne of God." Compare this with the description in Ezekiel's vision, where one of the four faces was that of a "cherub", without its being said what that was. We might thence conclude that the general opinion approaches the truth, and that they were of composite form, which I have sought to designate, at the same time with their Egyptian origin, by calling them *Sphingian*. But the difficulty of conceiving such shapes in such an attitude as to cover with their wings the mercyseat between them has made me hesitate, while correcting the press, whether I should not change the epithet, to "shadowing" for example; and my perplexity has only been increased by finding in Wilkinson's work (p. xi, vol. vi, also p. 276, vol. v.) a vignette of the Egyptian *ark* and *cherubim* and half-descending curtain (*vail*), which probably gives us the prototype of the Holy of Holies of the Hebrews. In this wood-cut, the "flying creatures"

are represented as human figures * kneeling in face of each other, with wings that appear to occupy the place of arms, or to be attached to and to conceal the arms, and which extend forward until they touch each other above and nearly so below in the picture, as if to cover or protect the sacred emblem between them. He who refuses to see in this portion of the Egyptian *sacred boat* the probable representation of what Josephus professes not to have known is either very bigoted or very dull.

I am inclined therefore to think, notwithstanding the epithet which I have suffered to remain, that the figures of the Jewish cherubs were purely human, except in the wings; the more so that it is probable, that, had they been, as Ezekiel appears to represent the cherubim of his vision, a multiform or many-faced creature, the writer of Exodus would have thought it necessary to so particularize them. †

Unreck'd the prohibition from the Mount—] The walls of

* Females, representing, as already said after Wilkinson, the goddess of Truth and Justice. It is likely then, that the "face of a cherub" spoken of in Ezekiel, that is the cherubic visage proper, was that of a woman, which may be the reason why Josephus pretends not to know what it or indeed what the entire figure was.

† By the by, the description in Exodus is, as applied to the Tabernacle of the desert, either mere invention or gross exaggeration. To have gotten so much gold, not to speak of what was used for the various vessels, and the altar and the candlesticks, the Israelites must have robbed the Egyptians of more than their jewelry. The picture was probably designed by the writer (who could not be Moses) after the model of the Temple. Compare the two descriptions, *Ex.* xxxv[i], xxxvii, and 1 *Kings* vi & vii. But even then, what quantity of gold would it take to make two images of human shape with extended wings, supposing the forms to have not been more than four feet in height? And, admitting the quantity as attainable, how could the ingots or mass have been "*beaten*, out of one piece," into the shape of any living thing, except perhaps a fish, or a crocodile, or a serpent? The graven images of what was not the likeness of anything in heaven above, or in the earth beneath, or in the water under the earth, were probably,

Solomon's temple were covered all over, "within and without" (1 *Kings* vi. 29,) "with carved figures of cherubims"; and the "sea of bronze" was supported by twelve oxen, the favorite worship of Heliopolis. Yet, in a later age, men got mad because a Roman eagle was put up on the outside of Herod's temple; perhaps, because it was a Roman eagle, — for Josephus says (*u. s.*) there were *eagles* [vultures?] as well as *bulls* and *lions*, of graven work, on the stands of the lavers.*

14.—P. 30. — *when Abram saw*, etc.] *Genesis*, xv. 17.

15.—P. 30. *And more profane, ye put the seal of God On the old custom in Rameses taught*, etc.] Josephus himself, who, with all his enthusiasm for his people, and with all that blindness of national bigotry which makes him copy the idlest stories, as I have incidentally already shown, and indulge in the most extravagant and self-contradictory exaggeration in the statistical and

like those made by Solomon (1 *Kings* vi,) of wood covered over with thin plates or leaves of beaten gold. So we have the calf of Aaron described as of molten gold, although it was presently burned in the fire and reduced to powder.

Josephus, who brings down the height of Solomon's cherubs from ten to five cubits, has the folly to tell his heathen readers that they were "of solid gold", adding, in a like magniloquent spirit, "and, to say all in one word, he left no part of the temple, neither internal nor external, but what was covered with gold." *Ant.* VIII. iii. 3, (Whiston.) See too his account of the golden vessels of all sorts in Solomon's temple. At all of which marvels we need not lift up our hands, since we are taught, in the sacred books he drew from, that at the dedication of that temple there were sacrificed 22,000 oxen and 120,000 sheep. 1 *Kings*, viii. 63.

* It may be another reason why the historian affects ignorance of the form of the cherubim, that he was conscious that the "flying creatures" had a look of idolatry, while the oxen and lions and bulls and eagles (the Scripture says,— Gk. Lat. and Eng.,— *lions*, *oxen* and *Cherubim*), however contrary to the 2d Commandment, had not, to those who knew not or cared not to remember their origin.

descriptive parts of their history,* Josephus, who evinces the influence of contact with the more cultivated heathen nations,

* In *Numbers*, which may perhaps be considered a genuine book of Moses, the fighting men alone ("all that were able to go forth to war in Israel") are set down at 603,500: *chap.* ii. 32. (In the previous chap., i. 46, at 603,550; a difference immaterial.) This was in the 13th month after the exodus, and from this number the large body of Levites (8580: *ib.* iv. 46, 48) was excluded (i. 47, ii. 33.) According to the chronology in the margin of our Bibles, and to Josephus (*Antiq.* II. xv.,) the length of the sojourn of the children of Israel had been 215 years; but in the Bible itself it is stated at 430 years (*Exod.* xii. 40, 41); which is explained by counting from the transient visit of Abraham (Jos. *ubi s.*), Jacob's grandsire, who departed from Haran when he was 75 years old (*Gen.* xii. 4.) But the chronology would make him to have consumed about 5 years between that time (B. C. 1921) and the time when he left Egypt (B. C. 1918.) Now, Isaac's birth occurring 22 yy. after Abraham's return, Abraham being then 100 yy. old, and Jacob being born when Isaac was 60 yy. old (*Gen.* xxv. 26,) it follows that when Jacob was born it was 60 + 22 = 82 yy. since Abraham's visit to Egypt, and Jacob being 130 (*ib.* xlvii. 9 and 28) when he went down to reside there permanently, we have, according to the data of Scripture itself, 130 + 82 = 212 yy. to be subtracted from the 430, which would leave us 218 as the actual period of the dwelling in Goshen. (1) A family of 70 persons (*Gen.* xlvi. 26, 27,) to have multiplied even in that period to such an extent that 603,500 able-bodied men "from 20 years and upward" could be collected out of their aggregate, is hardly less wonderful than Abraham and Isaac's living respectively to 175 and 180 years. If we allow that out of every seven persons one male is capable of military service, then we should have, with such a count, 4,224,500 as the population. Yet, supposing a people to double itself by natural increase every 20 years, which is an exceptionally large ratio, we should have the increase for 70 persons in 220 yy., or five years more than the time assigned by Josephus and reckoned by chronology, only 143,360; and even that would be an unwieldy, I may say impossible colony, to march together, though it were but for ten years, or for five, or for one year,

(1) Yet, notwithstanding his assertion as above (*Ant.* II. xv,) that there were but 215 yy. from the time of the settlement of Jacob in Egypt to the day of the Israelites' departure from that country, Josephus tells us that the *Divine Voice* itself signified to Abram, that his posterity should suffer 400 yy. in Egypt before coming to Canaan to possess it: φωνη θεια παρηv, αποσημαινουσα πονηρους αυτου τοις εκγονοις γειτονας επι ετη τετρηκοσια γενησομενους κατα την Αιγυπτον· κ. τ. λ. (*ib.* I. x. 3.) And this profane ascription of false prophecy to the Deity he fortifies by a positive assertion of his own, that they did complete 400 yy. in the oppression of servitude under and in the land of the Egyptians: και τετρακοσιων μεν ετων χρονον επι ταυταις διηνυσαν ταις ταλαιπωριαις. (*ib.* II. ix. 1, *ed.* Richter.) It was necessary to maintain the misstatement of the holy writings at the expense of human consistency and of Divine integrity.

does not hesitate, in speaking of the assertion of Herodotus, that the Jews (Syrians of Palestine) took their rite of circumcision

especially through uninhabited and often sterile places. (2) Now all of these 603,500 fighting men that came out of Egypt died in the wilderness by the way, all saving two, Caleb and Joshua (*Num.* xxvi. 64, 65; *Josh.* v. 6.) Yet, in the 13th month after the 40 years' wandering, that ferocious leader Joshua, — a man after Moses' own heart, versed in all his wiles, and practising with a like impious presumption the same monstrous yet childish mummeries, — sent over the Jordan against the small city of Jericho "about 40,000" men "prepared for war," (Josephus says 50,000,) taken only from Reuben, Gad, and half of the tribe of Manassah (*Josh.* iv. 12, 13;) the whole number of those "who were able to go to war in Israel," as counted in the plains of Moab, amounting to 601,730,—there being besides 23,000 Levites "all male" (*Num.* xxvi. 51, 62); which is more than the soldiers of a similar description (foot) assembled for his conquests by Sesostris, the supposed successor, son or grandson, or great-great-grandson, of the Pharaoh, Amenophis, some have said the self-same monarch, who made so had a passage of the Red Sea. (3)

The whole of Canaan, or Palestine, estimated by the most liberal allowance, is

(2) The fact of their wandering (if it was a fact and not a mere invention, — and observe, the 40 years are made to correspond with the 40 days that Moses is said to have been up in the Mount without meat or drink, carving with his own hands, in all that time, what, with a profane policy, he durst ascribe to the slow fingers and plodding brain of the awful Lord of the Universe, Him whose shadow could not rest upon the Mount which was so audaciously feigned to contain His absolute presence, (a)) — the fact of their long wandering in Stony Arabia, coasting the Red Sea and going south before they went upward to what was afterward Judea, would show in itself that they were but a small and, when occasion served, a predatory band, acquiring strength through numbers and by the spoil of petty towns, till finally they were enabled to make inroads into more cultivated regions and by the merciless extermination of the original inhabitants provide themselves a permanent dominion.

(3) Josephus, whose national vanity makes him claim for his people that they were the *shepherd-kings* who conquered Egypt according to Manetho, assumes the name *Tethmosis*, which the latter assigns to the monarch who drove them out of Egypt, as belonging to the Pharaoh who at a much later period expelled the Jews under Moses, and whom Manetho calls *Amenophis:* thus citing the Egyptian where his accounts suit him, but accusing him of positive falsehood and perverting his language where they do not. See *Apion.* I. 26, 27.

There is much confusion as to the names and reigns of the various sovereigns of Egypt, even if we suppose that any list we have of them is correct. Cs. *Anc. Egypt.* Vol. I. pp. 24–82, comparing especially pp. 81 and 47. The accomplished author places the Exodus under Thothmes III. (Tothmosis.) Lord Prudhoe (ib. pp. 80. sq.), under Pthamenoph (Amenoph or Amenophis), the last king of the 18th dynasty with Manetho.

(a) In like manner Menes, the earliest of the Egyptian kings, feigned to have received his books of laws from the god whom the Greeks after knew as Hermes. And so it has been in the primeval times of many nations; nor is the blasphemous practice wholly intermitted now: witness the Mormons. But the Jewish first ruler and legislator went a step beyond any of his predecessors or successors, as likewise he did an act of folly which I do not remember to have been perpetrated by other of these politic falsifiers; for he broke in a passion the first tables without regard to their Divine workmanship, — and then went up in the hill again, and after 40 days more fasting got him made a new set! But he knew the folk he had to deal with.

If there is anything surprising in this world, it is the blindness with which men follow the beaten track, the readiness or indifference with which they give over their reason, not in religion only, but in all things, to prescriptive teachers, and the repugnance they feel to being shaken from the stupor in which in certain matters they have allowed to sink their intellect, and consequently their anger at the efforts of those who venture to endeavor to arouse them. The religious frauds of Moses are as palpably deceptions as the tricks of a conjurer; yet, while pity is felt for the gaping clown who accepts these in unhesitating faith, they never ask themselves if they are not as dull in admiring the former. But couple the miracle with Mohammed, or make the gods hold council on Olympus, and they are wise enough.

from the Egyptians, to add, that in such matters every one should be allowed to express his own opinion (*Ant. Jud.* VIII. x. 3.),

not 200 miles in length, and not more than 80 in breadth at its widest part, nor more than 10 or 15 at the narrowest; and a large part is incapable of cultivation and even unfitted for habitation. Yet we have assigned to the people, not that occupied this territory in their palmiest or most populous day, but after 40 years' wandering in uncultivated places to reach it, a power to put into the field, to the storming of a single town, whose feeble walls were undermined, or in some treacherous way made useless, the same number of men that Bonaparte carried with him in his attempt to achieve the conquest of Egypt, and this too out of not quite one fifth of their whole body. (4)

Nearly five centuries later (B. C. 1017), when Joab numbered the people for David, he made the count, of "valiant men that drew the sword," in all 1300,000, (2 *Sam.* xxiv. 9; *Jos. Ant.* XII. xiii. 3;) which elsewhere is increased to 1570,000, — *Levi and Benjamin counted not among them* (1 *Chron.* xxi. 5, 6;) and this notwithstanding the exhaustion of civil war and repeated battles against neighboring nations. After such a reckoning, it is not exacting too much of us that we should believe that the three days' pestilence, which David accepted or elected as an expiation for his arrogance, or irregularity, in taking the count, struck down 70,000 men (2 *Sam.* xxiv. 12–15), who, by the way, had nothing to do with it. *Cf.* 1 *Chron.* xxi. 12–17. and Josephus (*Ant.* VII. xiii.), who makes the plague to have done this prodigious work in half a day,—*from the first light to the hour of the midday meal.* (5)

Such is the kind of statistics which the Jewish historian is weak enough to repeat, sometimes diminishing the count (as in the number of those that perished with Zimri,) sometimes increasing it (as above,) and whose puerile exaggeration, the extravagance of a barbarous, vain and boastful people, he continues from later sources and renews in other forms.

(4) Josephus, I have said, makes the number 50,000 (*Ant.* V. i;) and after telling us how the rapid Jordan flowed gently and with diminished volume until the Hebrews had passed over and then returned to its former size, and how they presently reaped the corn of the Canaanites and took other things without molestation, their former food, the manna, of which they had eaten 40 years, just then giving out, he makes the walls of Jericho, obedient like the river, to fall down *of their own accord* at the seven times' blowing of the seven sacerdotal trumpets, and the people tamely submit to have *their throats cut*, — a righteous operation which was performed upon every soul of them, men, women, and children, — the treacherous harlot that had let in the spies, and her vile household, only excepted. It is in commenting on this act of turpitude (the harlot's) that Whiston justifies *direct falsehood* on occasion, provided *no oath has been demanded* of the liar.

(5) Απολωντο δε, αρξαμενης ἑωθεν της λοιμικης νοσου φθειρειν αυτους ἑως ὡρας αριστου, μυριαδες ἑπτα. *Ant.* J. VII. xiii. 3. This he derived from Scripture, for the Septuagint has it, .. και εδωκε Κυριος θανατον εν Ισραηλ απο πρωἱθεν ἑως ὡρας αριστου; Reznor. lib. II. In the *Chronicles*, mention is merely made of the three days' choice of the sword of the Lord and death in the land; nothing of the one day's execution. The whole story is one of those superstitious exaggerations of a natural event which, in some degree common to all old histories of a semi-barbarous age, are for an obvious reason nowhere so plentiful and so gross as in the priest-written histories of the Old Testament.

which, however it may be but an affectation of liberality, — for it is a favorite phrase of his which with little or no variety he often repeats, as if to deprecate the incredulity of his enlightened heathen readers, — is admitting a doubt of the divine origin ascribed to the rite. See *Herod.* II. iv. — p. 157 t. i (with Wesseling's note, p. 214 t. iii) ed. Schweighæuser, Lond. 8°. 1824: also *Diod. Sic.* I. xxviii. p. 80 *ed. s. cit.*

It is in fact the same necessity, which in the Roman forms of Christianity made mingle with its simple tenets the practices of paganism, that prescribed to Moses the observance of a custom which he would have found it impossible to eradicate,* even if he

* In the dissemination of all religions, it has been found necessary to concede something to the prejudices and habits of the converts. The first Gregory ordered, that as the recently converted English had been *accustomed in their pagan rites to sacrifice many oxen*, they should be permitted on certain days of public religious celebration to erect booths about the churches which had once been heathen temples and observe the solemnity with their wonted festivals, giving as his reason this very necessity of concession ("nam duris mentibus simul omnia abscindere, impossibile esse non dubium est, *etc.*"), and citing as a precedent the commands of Jehovah to the Israelites, whereby the *sacrifices which in Egypt they were wont to make to the devil* should be converted to His own worship. GREG. *Mellito Abbati Epist.* (S. GREG. *Epist.* lib. ix. 71.) *ap.* Mansi t. x. p. 307. It is also found in SPELMAN: *Concilia, Decreta*, &c. &c. *in re Eccles. Orb. Britann.* (Lond. in fol. 1639) t. i. p. 89; and an extract, partially as above, in MURATORI. *Anecd. Græc.* (Patav. 4to. 1709) p. 256.

So, in the 16th century, the Jesuits conceded to the Chinese the adoration of their ancestors and of Confucius. And in our own day, the missionaries in China have displayed the same accommodating spirit. In their translation of the Bible, Adam's sin is not mentioned, and the Ten Commandments begin with the IVth, while opium-smoking is with an underhand morality adroitly smuggled into the prohibition of adultery. I state this on the authority of the *Allgemeine Zeitung* (Aug. 11, 1853), which derived the information from an article (I think) in the London *Times*. (1) The conjectural reason which is assigned in the *Zeitung* for

(1) The greater part of this note, as also of some others of the number, is taken from the notes to an unfinished Sketch of the History of the Church, preliminary to a Life of Hus, which I was busy with in that year in Munich, and expected to be able soon after to publish. Hence the remote date.

did not himself believe it useful, or if, rather, he did not himself, *born to the manner*, never dream of questioning its utility.*

Barnabas, in that odd Epistle which is ascribed to him, seems to say (for it is not always easy to see what he would say) that it

the precedence given to the IVth Commandment is the love of the Chinese for their parents. If the Ist, IId, and IIId laws of the Table have only shifted their places in the missionaries' version, this may well be; but if they are excluded altogether, I should assign a very different reason. The household gods of the Chinese are probably as obstinate as those of the Romans (when, in the strife of Image-worship, the Popes, lending themselves to the idolatry of their quasi-subjects, hastened to seize the long-coveted occasion for founding an independent dominion,) and if the Garden of Eden was omitted, the six-days' labor would go with it, in compliment to the pre-Adamite antiquity of the *Flowery Nation*.

* Philo, who seems to have been moved to the discussion of its propriety and utility by the ridicule attached to it by the enlightened heathen, (v. *de Circumcis.* ad init., — where he speaks of the rite as held in especial honor by the Egyptians,) assigns as a chief reason for not departing from the usage its prophylactic service: χαλεπης νοσου και δυσιατου παθους απαλλαγην, ἠν ανθρακα [carbuncle] καλουσιν. (*ib.* Op. ed. Mangey t. ii. p. 211. Lond. 1742.) This is as if the shaving of the scalp, which was also an Egyptian custom, should be advocated for a whole nation because with the uncleanly the hair is liable to vermin.

See in *Joshua* Chap. V. vv. 4-7; where it is said, that after the coming out from Egypt there were no more circumcised for all the forty years that they remained unsettled; at the end of which time the rite was re-ordered. From which it follows, that the Jews who were both by birth and habitation Egyptian had undergone the mutilation, but the new race, wanderers that were getting themselves a new home in Canaan by exterminating, as I have before said, root and branch (according to their own story, but not according to the collateral facts to be gathered from that story,) the proper owners, went, for nearly two generations, without it. What then becomes of the command to Abraham; and of the penalty denounced for its infraction? (*Gen.* xvii, 14.) The reply is obvious; and the remark might follow, that, since they found no inconvenience from its suspension, it is a pity and a wonder that those, who diverged so much in other things from the people they had separated or been separated from, had not the decency and good sense to drop it altogether. But in *Josh.* v. 9 we have: "And the Lord said unto Joshua, This day have I rolled away the reproach of Egypt from off you"... and a commentator (Herries' B. *ad loc.*) tells us: "By the reproach of Egypt is meant uncircumcision with which the Israelites were wont

was a bad angel that taught the Jews the circumcision, *which was not meant to be of the flesh :* αλλα πιρεβησαν, οτι αγγελος πονηρος ισοφισε αυτους. He then denies that it was meant for a sign to Abraham, because *every Syrian, and Arabian,* and all the priests of the*

to upbraid other people, and particularly the Egyptians." (1) This in face of the known facts, and indeed of the Bible itself: for in *Jeremiah*, ix, 25, we have Egypt, Judah, and Edom classed together as of the circumcision: — "ut animadvertam in omnes qui circumciso sunt præputio, in Ægyptos, in Judæos, in Idumæos, in Ammonitas, in Moabitas." *Ex Seb. Castell. interp.* Our English version of the place is obscure and involved, and gives a sense contrary to what is conveyed in the Latin, and also in the Greek; the close of which latter version however seems to contradict the first part; and observe the distinction between Edom and Idumea: *Behold the days come, saith the Lord, and I will bring the visitation of wrath upon all that are cut around in their foreskin; upon Egypt, and upon Idumœa* [Judæa?], *and upon Edom, and upon the sons of Ammon, and upon the sons of Moab, and upon every one who is shaved about his visage, the dwellers in the desert; because all the nations are uncircumcised in flesh, and the whole house of Israel are uncircumcised in their hearts.*— Cf. *Deut.* xxiii. 7, 8.

* See *Exod.* iv. 25, from which it would appear that Moses himself was not at first, if ever, in favor of circumcision, for he had neglected the act for his own son, and the mother, a woman of Midian and daughter of a Midianitish priest,— of the very people therefore with whom Moses, at a later day, interdicted sexual union (*Num.* xxv), although afterward, when he had ordered them to be exterminated, he reserved all the virgins (32,000!) expressly for that union (*ib.* xxxi),— and the mother, a woman of Midian and daughter of a priest of Midian (observe that), did it angrily for him. Indeed nowhere does Moses prescribe the rite, and during the whole time of his ministration or government, as I have just shown from *Joshua*, it was entirely neglected. So that we should have a fair right to suppose, that it was only when the Israelites came into contact with the people of Arabia who practised it, that it was again thought of; or, what is not improbable, that, having by neglect of proper cleanliness, easy to occur, if not unavoidable, in their wandering and in such a country, got, very many of them, into a condition that suggested the preventive means that were in use in Egypt, they had clamored for the revival of the old rite which Moses had purposely discarded, and Joshua was obliged to accede. Mohammed, who according to the

(1) Whether wilfully or ignorantly, this is a palpable perversion of the meaning of the text. Wilkinson gives the proper sense (*A. E.* v. 318); viz. that it was the Egyptians who considered it a *reproach* to be as the foreigners (Gentiles) whom they, like their Jewish kinsmen, derided and hated.

idols — and the Egyptians also, are of the circumcision. Ep. Catholica: § ix. (*Patr. Apost. Ep.* ed. Reithmayr. pp. 146, 8.) I pay no regard to this epistle, which the Catholics themselves consider rather unworthy of the earliest writer after the Apostles, but cite it to show that it is not particularly heathen to maintain so very obvious a fact.

Indeed, the discussion of this subject may be narrowed to a single question. Were the Jews originally a portion of the Egyptian people, migrating, or, as has been said with some plausibility, driven from Egypt because of leprosy; or were they, as themselves maintain, a distinct race which had settled among that people? If the former,* argument is unnecessary: but, assum-

Mussulman hagiologists came into the world already peritomized, or without the dermal prolongation that would admit of the rite, gave himself, like his quasi-prototype Moses, no pains about it, but let the old-time custom take its course, to fall into disuse, or be, as it was, continued, — precisely as, like Moses, he made certain forms and superstitions of the old idolatry, which he never could have changed or rooted out, become a part of the new worship, and, by prescribing them himself, incorporated as ritual what otherwise would have been outside and antagonistic to his religion.

* Diodorus (where before cited) implies that they were colonists of Egypt. Josephus calls the Egyptians, directly, the "kinsmen" of the Jews. (*C. Ap.* I. 11. — p. 543 Whiston II.) Was this because when in Egypt the latter had intermarried with the Gentile after the example of Joseph? If they were a separate people, that could hardly be, because by their own showing, being shepherds, they were a vile and detested race at the very first, having but one class under them more contemptible, the swineherds. (1) The relationship may be directly traced, not only in the physical characteristics of the modern Copts, as given by Denon, but in all the monuments. See everywhere the prints in Wilkinson, where

(1) What the herd of 2000 swine were doing in Gadara, when the Jews, having abandoned idolatry, did not even once a year roast a pig like their Egyptian kinsmen, it would be hard to say. Perhaps they were employed, as we are told they were by the latter people, in purposes of agriculture; to tread in the seeds, it is said (HEROD. *Euter.*), — though I should rather suppose, in preparing the ground and saving the use of the plough; for turn a few hogs into a field, and in a short time, by their instinctive habit of rooting, they will put it into a state that could not be told at a little distance from that made by light ploughing. But when the devils asked to be sent into the swine, it must be admitted that they knew their ancient home; for the Egyptians believed that the souls of the wicked, on returning to this world, entered the bodies of pigs, — a natural metempsychosis, at least for the groveling and sensual, like the transformations of Circe.

ing their own statements to be reliable, then they were in a state of vassalage or even servile subjection to the Egyptians, and were comparatively few in number. Now would the servants have given this rite to the masters, or the masters to the servants? who probably would have been compelled to adopt it, even if they did not, under the circumstances, willingly, and by imitation of their betters.* And observe, according to their historian, they were for over two centuries domesticated with the Egyptians, a time certainly sufficient to destroy all peculiarities of their own race (being not then prohibited from mixing with the surrounding people, so far as it was feasible in their condition,) and to make them in religion as in ordinary customs perfectly identical. So we see that their first act after the exodus was to set up an image of Mnevis (the ox worshiped at Heliopolis: PLUT. *Is. et Os.* p. 437 t. vii. *ed.* Reiske; EUSEB. *Præp.* III. xiii. *init.*,) and that most of the ceremonies of the Egyptian priests, as well as much

the profiled features of men and women are with rare exceptions such as are characteristic of the modern Jews when comeliest, and particularly while yet in childhood. The nose with the extremity curving under and the heavy lips are not to be mistaken. There is however in the same work, at p. 296 of vol. ii, a plate representing the arrival of strangers in the country, which those who wish to believe the Mosaic history conjecture to represent the caravan of Jacob, notwithstanding the absence of vehicles (see *Gen.* xlv. 19, 21), that there is no old man, and that they are named in the inscription as captives and numbered as but thirty-seven. The profile faces are certainly more Jewish than those of the natives, but they are merely contemptuous exaggerations of the same type; nor is it to be supposed that the artist took portraits for such a subject. If he did, when there is no evidence that it was done even in the case of the kings, the faces would still present a strong proof of the consanguinity of the two races.

* The explorations of modern travelers have shown that the existence of the rite in Egypt, at a time long anterior to the arrival there of Joseph, is plainly demonstrated on the monuments. Cs. *Anc. Egyps.* v. 318. This might settle the question without argument. But probably the answer would be, with those who are determined to believe the Jews, that Abraham taught it to the Egyptians, as he did astronomy and the differential calculus.

of their costume, and the pomp of their religious service, were made compulsory by their leader, who forgot not even to separate the animals into clean and unclean according to the mode of Egypt, where the hog, as Justin says, or whoever writes in that name (*Quæst.* etc. *ad Orthod.* 102. *Op.* T. III. P. ii. p. 50. *ed. Otto.* Jenæ 8°. 1846), was then the only animal that was denied divine honors, and, Herodotus relates (II. 47), was so abhorred by the Egyptians, that, if it happened to touch their garments merely, they went to the river to wash.

16.—P. 33. —*and who makes not more, If*, etc.] I neglected to make a memorandum of the passage of Scripture here alluded to. But, in hunting for it, I find in *Samuel*—1. ch. vi. 19,—that 50,070 men were killed because some of them had looked (all could not) into the Ark: a story of like import, although not directly elucidative. To cull plenty of such childish tales, which if not credited are absurd and if credited are pernicious, one has not to search a great way in that painful record of profane assumption, inhumanity, and falsehood, which makes up so large a part of the semi-fabulous historical books of the Old Testament, and which, with its many indirect lessons of perfidy, deceit and cunning, mars or even neutralizes so much elsewhere in its pages that is precious in wisdom, useful in morality, and beautiful and consolatory in religion.*

* The most useful perhaps, as well as most elevating, of all books, would be the Bible, were it carefully and largely expurgated; but, as it is, it is one of the most hurtful to the general or vulgar mind, — which finds therein the sanction of example, if not of actual precept, for all its most vicious or most degrading propensities. If we must have an unexpurgated Bible, it should at least be free from all such comments as seek to justify every crime of the patriarchs, great leaders and other holy persons, by Divine commandment. We have seen how far this sort of casuistry (to me blasphemous) has carried the English translator of *Josephus*. Yet that book is in many families a sort of companion for the danger-

17.—P. 37. *They did with the water-bubble, when* etc.] Pilate alludes to the tumult caused by his taking the sacred treasure to defray the cost of introducing water into Jerusalem. See note 1. in *Calvary:* Vol. i. p. 77.

18.—P. 44. —*Mizra'im*—] Egypt: supposed to be so called from Mizraim, Misraim, or Mesraim, who is the second named among the sons of Cham or Ham. See *Gen.* x. 6, and compare, in the English version, *Gen.* l. 11.

"Mizraim, the second son of Ham, is the same who is called *Misor* by Sanchoniatho and *Menes* by Herodotus; and Egypt was the nation peopled by his descendants. Indeed, the name *Mizraim* applies in all respects to Egypt; for it signifies straitness or confinement. Now Egypt is one of the most confined countries in the world. *Etc.*" Herries' Bible: *Expos. Notes* to X *Gen.*— If this explanation is correct (it appears to be given from *Shaw's Travels*), what becomes of the derivation from the name of the son of Cham? It would follow rather, that the name was invented for that putative founder from the word which described the peculiar shape of the country. However, from either word, but more directly from *Misor*, we may deduce the *Misr* which has long been the well-known Arabic name for Cairo, and for Egypt itself. But with the old Egyptians *Chemi*, or *Khemi*, from Chem, Cham, or Khem, was the designation of the whole country.

With either name, and with either derivation, we have another

ous and often indecent records of the Old Testament. Are our children never to be taught truth? Is religion to be made to sanctify impiety? and are fraud and meanness, treachery and ferocious inhumanity, to be set before their inexperienced minds, not only without counter admonition, but with positive justification? We have laid aside the *Wisdom of the Son of Sirach* because it is not canonical, and none of our Bibles have it save those larger ones which contain the Apocrypha, —yet what noble lessons are there given (a few that savor of Eastern cunning excepted), and how beautiful yet solemn is the opening!

argument for the Egyptian origin of the fabulous tradition of Noah and his family, — if it was a tradition, and not the invention of some speculative intellect which sought to fill up the historical blank of a barbarous and long-forgotten age. But tradition or invention, the Egyptians did not get it from Abraham.*

19.—P. 45. — *Mestre* —] Josephus says that all of his countrymen call Egypt *Mestre* and its people *Mestreans*. *Ant.* I. vi. 2. The reason is involved in the preceding note.

20.—P. 60. *Thus, see ye to it, After my death that none*, etc.] † The great schism in the Church which Paul and his brother apostles endeavored to prevent took place at last through the perversity of the Jews. Their party split into several sects, of which two were prominent. The one of these which retained the name of *Nazareans* acknowledged the divinity of Christ, and its members were distinguished from the more liberal Christians merely by their fanatical adherence to the prejudices of their forefathers. The other is that of the *Ebionites*, a name which according to some writers is derived from their founder, *Ebion:* but according to others it comes from the Hebrew word signifying *poor, afflicted.* Eusebius and Origen were of this opinion, though they differ as to the application of the epithet; and the sect

* Wilkinson says that the Hebrew word *Ham* is properly written *Khm, Kham*, or *Khem*, and is thus the same as the Egyptian *Khem:* that the name *Mizraim*, with its plural termination, seems to refer to the two divisions, Upper and Lower, of Egypt. "It is, however, remarkable that the word itself does not occur in hieroglyphics, though traced in the modern name Musr or Misr, by which both Cairo and Egypt are known at this day." Further: "Ham or Khem may have been the original name of that tribe which settled in the two districts called Mizraim; and the Egyptians may have retained the appellation which they had as conquerors, in preference to that of the country they occupied." *Anc. Egypt.* iv. 261, 2. See too, *ib.* i. pp. 2, 3.

† From the Ms. mentioned at foot of p. 132.

themselves may be allowed a voice in the matter, who by the testimony of Epiphanius derived the term from their profession of poverty, maintaining they were the successors of those who in the time of the Apostles sold their goods to take up the Cross of the Lord.*

The Ebionites stand before us in the pages of ecclesiastical history as the first distinct body of Christians professing Unitarianism. Catholic writers love to point to the language imputed to Clement the Roman as evidence that the dogma of the Trinity began to obtain in the fold of St. Peter so early as the end of the 1st century. Yet he merely mentions the two chief persons of the Godhead in rhetorical connection with the spirit of heavenly grace or love.† On the other hand, it is maintained that the

* In the *Liber de Situ et Nominib. Locor. Hebr.*, Jerom asserts that they derived their name from their leader: "Et a principe hæreseos Εβιωνιται nuncupantur." (Tertullian was of the same opinion.) It is against their dogmas, he adds, that Paul writes to the *Galatians*. Op. t. ii. p. 427, ed. Martianay; Paris. 1699. in fol. Neander (*Allg. Gesch. der Christl. Relig. u. Kirche:* 1e Abth. 2a Bds., ss. 596-8. 2e Aufl. Hamb.) considers the name, and probably with justice, as used in its literal sense, and originally applied in disparagement, because of the poverty of the class of men of whom the early Christians were mostly composed; and, of course therefore, at first applied to all.

† Clement, who was Bishop of Rome in the last ten years of the 1st century, was the disciple of Peter and Paul, and is the earliest of the Fathers after Barnabas. Only two of the Epistles of Clement remain. They are addressed to the Church of Corinth. One of them which is merely a fragment is allowed to be questionable, while the other which is considered genuine is the one in which occurs the supposed mention of the three persons of the Trinity. "Why, brethren," he asks, "should you suffer schism and strife to be amongst you? Have we not *one* God, and *one* Christ, and *one* spirit of divine grace which is effused upon us? . . . . ουχι ἑνα Θεον εχομεν, και ἑνα Χριστον, και ἐν πνευμα της χαριτος το εκχυθεν εφ' ἡμας; . . S. Clem. *ad Cor.* p. 78 ed. Reithmayr (Monachi 18°. 1841.) And it is in this simple passage, bald as to all dogmatical inference and pretension, that the Catholics affect to see the doctrine of the Trinity! A Unitarian would find rather conclusion for his own creed; and his position would, from such a passage, be the stronger of the two.

Ebionitish was the prevalent faith of the Church of Rome for the whole of the two first centuries.* The language as-

* The Ebionites maintained that under all the Roman bishops down to the 13th (Victor), their dogma of the simple humanity of Christ, inspired not otherwise than as the Prophets of the Old Testament, prevailed, and of all the church-fathers that are adduced by name (*ap.* Euseb. v. 28) against this assertion, not one is found that is claimed with any certainty by the Romish community. Hence, and on other grounds, Gfrörer considers that Artemon, the head of the Ebionites, maintained but the simple truth; in other words, *that in the course of the 2d century, the Jewish-Christian view of the nature of Jesus predominated in the Romish church.* Allg. Kircheng. *ut s.* 1r. B. s. 255, f. — adding thereto the two preceding pages, especially in reference to the "Shepherd" (*Pastoris Liber*) of Hermas. — *Cf.* Neander. *u. s.*, p. 996; who acknowledges, with regret, the want of historical data to decide on the question of *time* (i. e. that it was only with Zephyrinus, Victor's successor, that mystification of the Apostolic doctrine began, — as alleged by the Artemonites:) pp. 999–1002. (1)

(1) The curious reader may consult the following ancient church-writers:

Clemens Romanus (*c.* A. C. 68): *Ad Corinthios Epist.* II. Cc. vii, xvi, xxi, xxii, xxiv, xxxvi, xlii, xlix, lviii.

Hermas (A. C. 70): *Pastoris &c. Visiones; Mandatum* 1m.: et *Similit.* 9a. ("Filius quidem Dei omni creatura antiquior est, ita ut consilio patri suo fuerit, condere creaturam, etc." fol. 14 *recto*, ed. Fabri, Paris. 1513; p. 100 in Galland. *Bibl. Vet. PP.* t. I.) A charming book, which is but little known except to theological scholars. It is imputed to Hermas a disciple of Paul (*Epist. Rom.* xvi. 14), and is assigned, as marked above, to the Y. 70. Among the more ancient Fathers it was held as canonical, and in ancient copies of the S. S. it is added to the books of the New Testament. By more recent church-writers, Athanasius, *e. g.*, Jerom, and Rufinus, it is ranked among such writings as the *Wisdom of Solomon*, and *of the Son of Sirach*, with *Judith*, *Tobit*, *Esther*, and the *Maccabees*, or with the still more apocryphal book of *Enoch*. Cf. Galland. *Proleg. de S. Herma*, c. ii (*Bibl.* &c. t. i. p. xxvii); or the *Epist.* of Jac. Faber, prefixed to his ed.; or, if the reader would have the collected *testimony of the ancients*, on both sides, Galland. *t. c.* 51 sqq. It is not merely *a very useful book* (Athan. *de Incarn.* t. I. p. 49. *Op.* Paris. in fol. 1698) for its moral precepts, but well deserving to be read for its simplicity of style, not devoid of native grace, and its fancy. I could suppose it might have furnished the remotely suggestive idea, through which occurred to Dante his first thought of the Divine Comedy. See, in addition to the whole texture of the book, the passage where the *Shepherd* tells Hermas, that the Apostles and Teachers of the Son of God descended living "into the water" to those just men who had died before the coming of the Lord, or, as Clem. Alex. has it (*Stromat.* I. ix,), even before the *Law*, as *Abel*, *Noah*, *et al.*, and were their teachers: "Descenderunt igitur, *etc.*" Simil. ix.

Ignat. *ad Magnesianos* § 13, (*Patr. Apost. Epist.* ed. Reithm. supra cit. p. 222); and the circular letter of the Church of Smyrna relating to the martyrdom of Polycarp, end of § 19, (ib. p. 354.)

With regard to the imputed *Ebionitism* of Hegesippus (supposed to have been born about the commencement of the 2d Cy.), Galland. *Bibl. V. PP.* — *Prolegomena.* c. ii: p. vii. t. II. Venetiis 1766.

In the same volume of the same collection, the unseemly comparison — "*praeclara* comparatio," as the editor chooses to consider it — of the Athenian Athenagoras (said to have been the teacher of Clemens Alex.) in his *Legatio*, or *Apologia pro Christianis*, where he assimilates the two Emperors, M. Aurelius and L. Verus (A. C. 166 168) or the Emperor M. Aurelius and his son Commodus (A. C. 177) to the Father and Son of the Godhead.

In the 2d volume of the same, the Epistles and Homilies which claim to have been written by Clement the Roman and go under the general name of "Clementina." Their antiquity is evident, for they are on two occasions cited by Origen. They are supposed to have been written about the Y. 170, or even so late as Y. 220. *The monotheism or Ebionism of the writer is obvious throughout*, and is very generally admitted. However, for a contrary opinion, *cs.* the *Prolegomena*, chiefly after Maranus, *ib.* p. lvii. sqq. — I can

cribed to Jesus is susceptible of a double interpretation ;* but nothing can be more positive than the language of the Evange-

* But who can affirm that he used that language ? See the notes below. Yet let us suppose it to have been reported faithfully after the lapse of near two-hundred years, what then does it amount to ? The apparent claim of divinity in one place is contradicted by its positive repudiation in another. Setting aside the fact that he prayed to the Father, which could not be if he and the Father were really the same, the assertion "I and the Father are one" is regarded by several

recommend the "Homilies." They will not tire. In the 2d, (13th and 14th chaps.,) there is the argument of the immortality of the soul founded on the *justice* of God, and the conviction of that justice from our own sense of right, which every good man will recognize as identical with his own unassisted logic.

JUSTIN MARTYR (ab. middle of 2d Cy.): *Quaest. et Resp.* 139. (*Op.* III. p. 224 *ed.* Otto *s. cit.*); *Expos. Rectae Fidei* § 3 (pp. 4, 6); *Quaest.* &c. 129 (p. 204.) These are suppositititous works, and their Catholicism in the dogma of the Trinity is obvious. In his genuine works, there is a gradation of dignity made between the three persons, and in the religions honor rendered them. (*a*) *Apol.* I. § 13. (pp. 162, 4. t. 1.); also § 60. In § 6, occurs the following passage, which has given rise to much discussion: "Him [the Father], and the Son who came from Him and taught us these things, and the army of *other* attached (or, accompanying) and *assimilated* good angels (*και τον αλλων επομενων και εξομοιουμενων αγαθων αγγελων στρατον*), (*b*) and the prophetic Spirit, we reverence and adore, *etc.*" (pp. 148, 150, t. 1.)

TATIAN *the Assyrian*, disciple of Justin: *Contra Graecos* (c. an. 151) *Orat.* V. p. 640, 641, Galland. *Bibl.* I.

The 3d and 5th Fragments of MELITO, Bp. of the church in Sardis (c. 169), — *ap.* Galland. *ib.* 678.

HIPPOLYTUS (who professed to be the disciple of Irenæus and who belongs to the first quarter of the 3d Cy.) *against the heresy of Noëtus*, the so-called *Patripassian*, c. 1. (*ib.* 454), where we have the creed of the then Catholic Church in the answer of the presbyters to Noëtus when they expelled him from the Church. It makes no mention of the Holy Spirit. Also p. 455; and c. iv. pp. 456, 7; the beginning of c. vii. p. 458, and ch. viii, p. 459. Add the testimony of Anastasius (*in Collectan.* — *ib.* p. 469). Cf. TERTULLIAN (who flourished toward the end of the 2d Cy., dying c. 220, or six yy. before the date of the above tract) cc. 9 and 23 *adv. Praxean.*; *de Virg. Velatis*, c. 1; *de Resurrect. Carnis*, p. 173 t. iii *Op.* ed. Semler; and NOVATIAN (presbyter in the first half of the 3d Cy.) *de Trinitate* c. xxi, (p. 728 *Tertull. Op.* ed. Rigaltii, Venetiis in fol. 1744.) With regard to Noëtus, and the belief truly or falsely ascribed to him, Mosheim *De Rebus* etc. *ante Const.* Sæc. III. § 32; p. 687 (with note, p. 682.) Also, ib. 689 sq. Add Beausobre; *Hist. du Manich.* T. 1. p. 534, and thereon Mosheim again, *l. c.* 686 sq.

CYPRIAN (beheaded *An.* 258): Epist. lxiii. *Op.* col. 258 ed. Baluzii, Venet. fol. 1758: *Lib. de Idolorum Vanitate*; ib. 536, 7, 8 (with the notes:) *De Haereticis baptizandis*; Epist. lxxiii (col. 318:) and again, *Lib. de Unitate Eccl.* (col. 467.)

ORIGEN (who flourished in the first half of the 3d Cy.) is unmistakably wavering, sometimes appearing to incline to the faith which was afterwards established by the Nicæan Council, sometimes to the opinions of Sabellius, sometimes to precede in sentiment the Arians (*c*). (Mosheim, *l. c.* p. 623). And it was out of the doubts of Origen, that rose into being the *rationalism* of Arius, a demigoddess whose birth at no earlier day had not been startling, whose death at a later day had been altogether impossible.

Finally, after the lapse of half a century from the date of the Nicæan creed, JEROM: xivth Epist. (written ab. Y. 375), to Damasus, the Roman bishop (*Op.* IV. pp. 20, 21, ed. Martianay, Paris 1706) — "Clamamus si quid, *etc.*" Also the next Ep. (xv., to the Presbyter, or Bp. of Chalcis, *Mark*), where he explains his faith as that of the Alexandrian or Roman Church (p. 21. "Haereticus vocor, *etc.*") The very fluctuation in the mind of Jerom shows that the elements had not yet subsided and separated into the distinct forms of solid earth and unstable water. All is as yet Chaos. What to think he knows not, and appears almost as ready to become the one thing as the other.

(*a*) Which the Emperor Justinian objected to Origen as one of the worst of his *blasphemies*. *Πολαν ταυτης μειζονα βλασφημιαν κατα θεου προενεγκειν Ωριγενης ηδυνατω; ὁ και επι της ἁγιας Τριαδος βαθμους επινοησας, πολυθειαν και εντευθεν εισαγειν βουλομενος . . . Justin. Imp. adv. Origenem*: ap. Mansi. *SS. Concilia*, etc. t. ix. p. 489.

(*b*) Cf. the passage in the Clementina (*Hom.* xvi. c. xiv) on the term *gods* given in Scriptore to the Angels: *Ισμεν γαρ και αυτοι, απο των Γραφων, αγγελους θεους λεχθεντας.*

(*c*) V. *Justin. Imp. adv. Orig.* ubi s. p. 491.

lists.* It must be remembered however, that to the middle of the 2d century we know not what was the New Testament,

church-writers so far down as the 3d Cy. (1) to have reference, not to corporal identity (so to say), but to similarity in certain qualities or attributes and perhaps in certain functions; though this to me is sheer blasphemy as well as absurdity, — for, supposing that the author of our religion did use such a phrase, which I think is altogether inconsistent with his character, it could mean nothing more than this: Do as I bid you; for by my lips speaketh the Eternal Father; in the lessons that I teach you, He and I may be considered one. — Is the Scriptural expression as to man and wife, "and they shall be one flesh," to be taken literally? It is strange to me that intelligent men can so pervert the plain meaning of language. In the words of Clement of Alexandria, though not applied to this occasion or to such a theme, *βιαζονται προς τας επιθυμιας την Γραφην* (*Strom.* lib. vii, c. xvi), — *they wrest the Scriptures to their own desires:* it is not their sense that interprets, but their wishes and their aims. But after the literalness which could pervert the memorable words of the Last Supper into the monstrous doctrine of transubstantiation, nothing ought to be wondered at in dogmatical misinterpretation. See Note 35.

* In no place however of the N. T. is the Trinity expressly indicated. Tho

(1) The creed of the Catholic Church in the 3d Cy., as it is found in Irenæus (*l.* i, c. 2 *sq.* *l.* iii, c. 4) Tertullian (*ads. Prax.* 2, *De Præscript.* 13, & *De Virg. Vel.* i.) is also given in Hippolytus, at the place indicated in subnote 1, p. 142, *supra*. Hippolytus dates, as therein intimated, c. An. 226. (*a*) . . *ημεις ενα θεον οιδαμεν αληθως· οιδαμεν Χριστον· οιδαμεν τον υἱον παθοντα, κ. τ. λ.* *We know truly one God; we know Christ; we know the Son who suffered,—dead as he died, and risen up on the third day, and being on the right hand of the Father, and to come to judge the living and the dead.* Not a word of the Holy Spirit; not a word of the inseparability. It is simply the two persons, as in modern Unitarianism. p. 454 t. i. *Bibl. cit.* . . *Τις γαρ ουκ ερει ενα θεον ειναι; For who will not say there is one God?* (ib. 455.) See too c. iv. p. 456—*το δε ειπειν, ὁτι εν σοι, κ. τ. λ.*; and p. 457, c. vi, where he explains the phrase of John, *ὁ θεος ὁ παντοκρατωρ, God the Omnipotent*, by Christ's own testimony, *all things are delivered to me by the Father;* and again, toward the end of the same chapter,—*ινα εν ωσιν, κ. τ. λ.* p. 458,—the manner in which he winds up his argument against **Noëtos'** (*b*) identification of the Son with the Father, by Christ's own language, *I go to my Father and your Father, and to my God and your God* (*ὑπαγω προς, κ. τ. λ.*) is quite conclusive. It was the heresy which confounded Christ with the Father; but the doctrine of the Catholic Church and of Hippolytus was that they were distinct persons, and the power of Christ a delegated power.

Observe the following from the very next chapter (*ib.* 458). *Εαν δε λεγει κ. τ. λ.* *But if he says*

(*a*) He flourished under the Emperor Alexander, whose reign began in the Y. 222. He has the commendation of Jerom, who terms him a most eloquent man, and that of Anastasius, which is more to the point, for, in addition to his merit as a Christian teacher, he calls him a faithful witness of the truth in agreement with all other holy founders of the Catholic and Apostolic Church of God, teaching the double yet inseparable nature, &c. &c. in *Collection.* p. 469 t. ii. Gall. *Bibl.*

(*b*) The eminent work *Contra hæresin Noeti* was the termination of the two and thirty heresies against which, according to Photius, Hippolytus wrote. In the Vatican Codex, it is inscribed, *Homily of Hippolytus against the Heresy of one Noëtus: Ὁμιλια Ἱππολυτου εις την αἱρεσιν Νοητου τινος.*

Noetus was, as before implied, a *Patripassian* like Praxeas, being the head of the sect of those Antitrinitarians c. 230, as Praxeas had been in the latter half of the preceding century. *Εφη τον Χριστον αυτον ειναι τον Πατερα, και αυτον τον Πατερα γεγεσθαι και πεπονθεναι και αποτεθνηκεναι.* (*Hipp. c. Hæres. Noeti* c. i: p. 454—t ii. *Gall. Bibl.*) *He said that Christ was himself the Father, and that it was the Father himself who had been born, and who had suffered and died.* A blasphemous absurdity certainly; but it seems to me no prodigious fruit of the mystified, Platonized, and theosophized dogmas of the Church.

and the collection which then appeared, and which contained of the Evangelists *Luke* alone, is pronounced to have been in

verse in the 1st Epistle of John (v. 7), where alone this occurs, has been long recognized to be an interpolation. See in Herries' Bible (*ad loc.*) the testimony of Sir Isaac Newton: (1) and in our own times, a church-historian whose authority will not be questioned, any more than his intentions, has said of it in the most positive language, not only that *it is decidedly spurious*, but that *it demonstrates by its spurious form how foreign such a collocation is to the writings of the New Testament* — "ist entschieden unächt und zeugt in ihrer unächten Gestalt davon, wie fremd eine solche Zusammenstellung den neutestamentlichen Schriften ist." Neand. *u. s. cit.* S. 985.

(Noëtus *se.*), *Jesus himself said* 'I and the Father are one' . . . *that* εσμεν, *are, is not said of* one; *but indicates two personages, though with* one *power.*

But this does not suffice. He explains the language of Christ to Philip, "Philip, have I been so long with you, and thou knowest me not? *Who sees me, sees the Father?*" thus: *that is, if thou hast seen me, through me thou mayest know the Father; for from the similarity there is in the image the Father may be easily recognized. But if thou hast not known the image, which is the Son, how is it that thou wouldst see the Father?* (*a*) The Church, of course, considers this, as Athanasius pretended to, as making for the present doctrine of the Trinity, but I cannot see, with what precedes and what follows, that modern Unitarianism could wish for anything more specific.

In the next chapter (viii, p. 459), the Spirit is mentioned. Αναγκην ουν, κ. τ. λ. "He must therefore needs [Noëtus], even against his will, confess God the Father Omnipotent, and Christ Jesus, Son of God, God made man, to whom *the Father subjected all things except Himself and the Holy Spirit* (ω παντα Πατηρ ὑπεταξε παρεκτος ἑαυτου και πνευματος ἁγιου); *and that these are thus* THREE (και τουτους εἰναι οὑτως τρια"). He proceeds: "But would he know how *one* God is demonstrated, let him know that there is one power of Him (ὁτι μια δυναμις τουτου—*i. e.* let him understand it as of the single power of this God—); and in so far as concerns the power, God is *one*; but so far as belongs to the economy (*i. e.* its administration), the manifestation is trifold." The note *ib.* says that Turrianus renders the passage: "But as far as respects the *incarnation*, &c." An exegetical interpretation of οικονομια which the lexicons give us on the authority of Jerom and Damascenus, but which has no warrant even in application.

There need be no more cited of this treatise; the language cannot be mistaken, except—not by those who, as the roughness of Tertullian has it, are *fools* or *blind*, but by those who are bent upon mistaking it. The doctrine of Hippolytus, which, remember, was pronounced by Anastasius to be that of the Church, maintains what is consonant with the essential part of the later and more intelligible doctrine of Arius, viz. that the Son is distinct from the Father, proceeded from the Father, and returned to the Father, being one with him in power only,—and that *delegated*, as he himself said,—not in person, and that the three, Father, Son, and Holy Spirit are three, *not one, nor three in one.*

The ground was sowed for the Trinity, but the plant had not sprung up. Origen himself was yet in doubt how to classify it.

(1) As that excellent edition of the Bible is presumably rare, I have concluded to annex, at some inconvenience, the entire comment. "Sir Isaac Newton, in a letter to Mr. Le Clerc, containing a dissertation on this place, quotes many passages from the ancient controversial writers to prove that the text stood originally thus, 'It is the Spirit that beareth witness, because the Spirit is truth; for there are three that bear record, the spirit, the water, and the blood, and these three agree in one.' He also affirms, that this reading stands in the oldest and most authentic manuscripts, and endeavours to account for the interpolation."

(*a*) One is tempted to think that Noëtus might have relied upon a literal interpretation, and denying the right to mystify the words of the Saviour, have had, so far, the best of the contest.

this Evangelist not faithful.* What changes may have been introduced in the text, by the zeal which so often palliates to itself and indeed justifies the forgetfulness of integrity, I cannot say; † but if such interpolations are suspected on the mere knowledge of others which Catholics themselves admit, no one can deny the Unitarians the use of such an argument. The mixture of Platonism with the simple dogmas of Christianity cannot be doubted, and the *Logos* of St. John furnishes alone a handle for skepticism, or suggests a doubt of which the impugner of the Trinity would not be slow to avail himself.‡

* Marcion's Evangel, according to some eminent Biblical critics (Eichhorn, *e. g.*), was the original gospel from which at a later day (toward the end of the 2d or the beginning of the 3d Cy.), the first complete Gospel of St. Luke was formed. This opinion is attacked by Hahn (Theol. Prof. at Konigsberg), who endeavors to show that Marcion had the genuine *Luke*, as we now read it, and falsified his text, as is charged by the Catholic Fathers, to suit his peculiar dogmas. *Das Evang. Marcions* u. s. w. (12°. Königsb. 1823) SS. 3–8, and 27–30. — On the disputed Hebrew text of Matthew, *pro* and *con*, consult Hug: *Einleitung in die Schriften des N. T.*, 2r. Theil, § 8 &c. (Tübing. 12°. 1808) S. 16 ff. He maintains that it was originally written in Greek: § 12 *ib.* S. 39, — in connection with preceding § and pages.

† Celsus (*Origen. c. Celsum.* ii. c. 27. p. 411 t. i. *Op.* ed. Delarue, Paris. 1733) accused the Christians of continually (τριχη και τετραχη και πολλαχη) making alterations in their Scriptures to meet objections (αν' εχοιεν προς τους ελεγχους αρνεισθαι.) The champion of the Church admits the charge only as applicable to the heretics!

‡ *Logos* however is not Plato's word. That philosopher, in his subtilizations, chose to give to the Divine *intellect* or "*Nous*" a seemingly material existence by transforming it into a creative power, acting with the Deity, yet acting independently, as if it were not a part of the Divine essence, but a divinely constituted agent. In this *Nous* lies the primitive form or the mold of all things, and through this were all things created. In the same way speak certain writers of the O. T. of the "Sophia" or Heavenly *Wisdom;* in fact, speaking in the same way by a natural figure of speech. But the Alexandrian theosophists, taking up the idea, lent it by amplification and exegetical subtlety a further mystification, from which gradually developed itself a sort of second or secondary deity, adjunct with the Eternal, and co-operating with Him, yet emanating from Him and sub-

21.—P. 61. *And history be interpolated*—] Our religion—ours, for I too claim to be a Christian of the best, professing namely that pure and simple faith which there is absolute evidence was prevalent in the times of the immediate successors of the apostles, which John Milton presumably (notwithstanding, or

ordinate to Him. This is the *Logos* of Philo and the Alexandrians. (1) The personification, which is self-evident, has also in Philo a correlative and coexplanatory phrase. This is the *Spirit* of God, or the *Holy Ghost* of the O. T.; that which brooded over the waters while the world yet lay in embryo, that which touched with fire the "hallowed lips" of the prophets, and unsealed their eyes to the revelation of future events. The early Church-fathers, whether following in the same track, or of their own conception (for, I repeat, it is originally, this substantive idea, but a perfectly natural one, as its phraseology is, when not enveloped in mystification but left to its naked self, simple and intelligible), the early Fathers adopted the same bold prosopopœia. Thus the *Sophia*, which corresponds to the Holy Spirit of the received faith, and to the "filius Dei ab hæreditate" of Hermas, occurs in the XVth Homily of the *Clementina*, and in such manner as to make its identity with the *Logos* lucidly manifest. St. Peter is responding to Simon Magus' questions on the unity or plurality of the Godhead. *Sim.* Και ειπεν ὁ Θεος· ποιησωμεν κ. τ. λ. *And God said: Let us make man according to our image and semblance.* The 'Let *us* make' signifies two or more; but not *one*. And Peter answers: *It is one, speaking to his Wisdom:* 'Let us make man.' *With this Wisdom* [Sophia] *He, the Eternal, ever had delight and sympathy as with His own spirit. For in truth it is united with God as a soul. Extended by the Almighty, like as it were a hand, it brings into being and fashions all things, etc.* (2) But St. John, who was nearer the time of Philo than the writer of the *Clementina*, even were this latter the Roman Clement himself, speaks still more like Philo, and still more Platonically. "In the beginning was the Word [*Logos*]. And the Word, *etc.*" He speaks but figuratively; and it is mere perversion, not to understand him as so speaking.

Premising thus much, and referring the reader to Neander (*A. G.* 1e Abth. 2a Bdes. S. 990), I will give, from a bolder German ecclesiastical historian, the following abstract of Philo's speculations: "In many places, Philo describes the

(1) The Athene of the Greeks, the spontaneous birth of the brain of Zeus, is nothing more; and with a people the groundwork of whose religion was not the immutable principle of the Divine unity, such phantasies as Philo's might easily lead to polytheism.

(2) I have been compelled to give a free translation, therefore annex the text. Ἡ δε σοφια ὡσπερ δεφ πνευματι αυτος αει συνεχαιρεν. Ἡνωται μεν ὡς ψυχη τῳ θεῳ· εκτεινεται δε απ' αυτου, ὡς χειρ δημιουργουσα το παν· κ. τ. λ. Ex. *Galland. Bibl. V. PP.* t. ii. pp. 747 sq.

perhaps in consequence of, his Arianism) and Isaac Newton avowedly followed, and of which the more liberal Unitarians of our

Logos as an individual being, that, in a peculiar manner emanating from God, has its own existence. According to this second representation, the Logos is the oldest creation of God, not unbegotten like God, but yet not created as finite beings; he is the son of the Eternal Father, His image, the First Man, after whose form Adam was made, Creator of the world, Mediator between God and men, Advocate and High-priest of All, Chief of all Angels, Sub-God and Regent of the Universe, whom the Lord has established in his place, since He Himself, because of his purity, may not touch the impure, the material. The Logos has as such a divine mediator often appeared visible in the primitive history of the Jewish people. It is he of whom the 1st ch. of Genesis treats as the Creator; he is the Angel that revealed himself to the patriarch Abraham in Haine, and then destroyed the cities of Sodom and Gomorra; he is the divine form which Moses saw in the thornbush; he is the pillar which guided Israel through the desert; he is the leader of the wanderings of the chosen people, the Angel of the Covenant. And as in the olden time he revealed himself with manifold blessings, so will he one day visibly operate for his people; for the prophecies of the Messiah which the seers of Israel received in vision relate to him. His names are: Logos or Word, High Priest, Man of God, Dominion, Covenant, Name of the Lord, Prophetic Israel, Archangel, Paraclete, Second God." Gfrörer: *A. K-G.* 1 Bd. S. 65 ff.— Believing all this to be quite new to the plurality of my readers, I should willingly gather yet a little more, premising the important fact, that, as the *literary activity* of Philo (who was born about 30 yy. B. C.) *occurs at a time preceding the appearance of Jesus*, his lore, whatever its resemblance (*which is often word for word*) with the doctrines of the N. T., is not to be ascribed to Christian faith (1); but my limits, already overstepped, render this impracticable. For the adoption of the term *Logos* for the "imaginary being," which, as Gfrörer says, was in fact "a second person in the Godhead," see in the same vol., pp. 66–70. — Philo's notions of faith, hope, love, repentance, piety, signally accord, as just said, with the sentiments and doctrine of the Apostles. He did not, however, believe in the Devil or a Hell, and rejected the Pharisean creed of a bodily resurrection, and maintained the pre-existence of the soul. Nor did he confound

(1) "In an extensive commentary on the books of Moses, he has laid down a number of very peculiar views, which often accord to a word with the doctrines of the N. T. This striking coincidence misled some of the oldest Christian Fathers to the conjecture, that Philo was a Christian, and had drawn his religious views from our Church; an assertion whose falsity is incontestably manifest from the single circumstance, that Philo's activity as a writer occurs at a time in which Jesus had not yet appeared in Judea." Oftrörer, u. s. p. 57.

own day, and the so-called Rationalists, are preparing, slowly indeed by reason of the obduracy, love of the marvelous, and proneness to idolatry and superstition, of the common mind, slowly, but I think surely, the perfect restoration — our religion, as it now stands, supports its most glaring error upon the supposed testimony of Josephus [*Ant. J.* xviii. 3. 3]. Now that passage is by its very form and language palpably a counterfeit. Hence in the text-edition I have latterly used it is included in brackets. That Whiston himself had secret doubts of its genuineness is abundantly manifest from the fact that he cites authority after authority, not one of which is of any value in the case, to prove that that thorough Jew Josephus did write it. (See his Appendix: *Diss.* i; also his second note to Chap. xii, Bk. i. of the Antiquities.)* Its origin is due to the same unscrupulous spirit that prompted the story in Tertullian of Pilate's report of the miracles of Jesus to the em-

the expected Messiah with the Logos, (1) his ideas of the latter being too ethereal and exalted, and of the former too earthly. "*But we see that with such precedents, others who had fewer dogmatical scruples had but yet a little step to take to declare the Messiah and the Logos one.*" ib. 92.

* The attempt to buttress, not the religion of Christ, — that stands on its own merits, which are solid and paramount, — but its claims to a divine origin or revelation, by frauds that are supposed to be justified by the assumed piety of their purpose, has done more to keep up infidelity and to augment continually its forces, than all the logic of reason or the knowledge of facts, which are confined to scholars and accepted by only cultivated intellects. Yet the practice is continued, and to its suicidal tendency are added the efforts of pulpit orators, who are apt to address their audience as if it was not really Christian, or as if they themselves were new preachers of a new doctrine not understood and without recognized authority. A clergyman should never speak as if his creed was to be suspected; in attempting to defend the divineness of Christianity, he in fact assails it, and keeps before the mind of his hearers the doubts that would otherwise have a chance to be forgotten. The French proverb, *Qui s'excuse s'accuse*, is sufficiently familiar.

(1) This hardly accords with what is said, above, of the prophecies.

peror Tiberius and the latter's endeavor thereupon to have him classed among the gods of Rome (*v.* Neander: 1ª B^s S. 134, f. — Aufl. 1825); to that which still disgraces some biographies of Christ (that of Wright, for example) by the letter imputed to P. Lentulus giving the Emperor a description of the Saviour's person, — an impudent fiction which might be confuted by the mere opinions, conflicting as they are, of ancient Church-fathers (*v.* Note 1), and which is only less absurd than the story of the mummery of the napkin and impressed image.*

I have already shown how this fraudulent practice was applied to promote the dogma of the Trinity, that standing reproach to the common sense, and I think also to the piety, of the mass of Christians. A similar trickery was resorted to, to substantiate the claim of the Bishop of Rome to universal church-supremacy.†

* I beg to refer the reader to a most entertaining and learned article of M. de Beausobre on the images *not made by hands* (αχειροποιητους) but emanating, so to say, directly from the divinity: *Bibl. Germ.* t. xviii. p. 8, sqq. He will perhaps be at first a little shocked at the tone of mockery assumed by the accomplished critic; but this will soon pass over, and if the matter he there reads be perfectly fresh to him, his surprise will equal his gratification. See particularly *ib.* pp. 9, 10, 14, 28, 34. The whole essay, through about 40 of the small pages (24°), is occupied with the marvelous image which Christ is said to have imprinted of himself on a napkin and sent with a letter to Abgar, King of Edessa (— for the *letter*, Euseb. 1. 13, Natal. Alex. Sæc. 1. Diss. iii. —). and which, preserved in the outer wall of the city, passed into the hands of the Greeks and came at last to Rome, where, under the name of the *Holy Face*, it is, or was then (toward the 2d quarter of the 18th Cy.), preserved in the Church of St. Sylvester. See *Baron.* ad An. 944, and thereon Pagi. *Critica* ib. I can add but this trait: 400 yy. after Eusebius, Gregory II, writing to Leo Isauricus (*Baron.* ad An. 728), vouched not only for the letter, but for the image, of which Eusebius, with more decency, had said nothing,—"Christum sua manu rescripsisse, *missa linteo impressa imagine.*" ib. p. 16.

† The assumed original supremacy of the See of Rome rests upon no demonstrable foundation. In the writers of the two first centuries I find not the least intimation of it, and so late as the middle of the third the sole testimony in its favor is that of a passage in Cyprian which is very generally acknowledged to be

In the 5th volume of Martianay's edition of Jerom, in the Preface to the Catalogue of eminent Christian writers, there are some examples given of the wilful frauds committed by party-zeal or malice in the publication of important Mss.

22.—P. 61. — *against Himself*—]

Since in oppugnance to His own fix'd laws

would be the verse which should follow, if explication were admissible in the part.

an interpolation, which to suppose accidental may be charity but is certainly more than justice. In his address to the Council of Carthage, where were present 87 bishops, whose opinions he himself records, Cyprian declared they were all equal, had no right of judgment one over another, and received their appointment from Christ alone — to whom alone it belonged to pronounce upon their function. (1) On the other hand, in the interpolated passage, in the book on the Unity of the Church, he is made to say, in reference to the well-known words, *Thou art Peter*, etc., and again, *Feed my sheep*, that on Peter alone Christ builds his Church and to him alone commits his flock; and that although, after his resurrection, he conferred equal power on all the apostles, yet he chose one of them to be the point of unity: they were all endowed with the same dignity and power as Peter, but the primacy was given to him, to demonstrate that the Church of Christ is one and one the see or chair. (2)

This passage which, even were it admitted to be genuine, cannot be reconciled with the previous language of Cyprian, and which, could it be so reconciled, is rendered of no weight by the simplest comment of good sense upon the text in

(1) "Superest ut de hac ipsa re [*de hæreticis baptizandis*] singuli quid sentiamus proferamus, neminem judicantes, aut a jure communicationis aliquem, si diversum senserit, amoventes. *Neque enim quisquam nostrum episcopum se esse episcoporum constituit*, aut tyrannico terrore ad obsequendi necessitatem collegas suos adigit, *quando habeat omnis episcopus* pro licentia *libertatis et potestatis suæ arbitrium proprium, tamque judicari ab alio non possit quam nec ipse potest alterum judicare.* Sed exspectemus universi judicium Dom. Nos. J. Christi, *qui unus et solus habet potestatem et præponendi nos* in ecclesiæ suæ gubernatione *et de actis nostris judicandi.*" Concil. Carthag. *Op.* coll. 697, 8 ed. Baluzii (Venet. in fol. 1758.) His language however shows that the leaven of ambition was already fermenting, and that he was uneasily watching and endeavoring to repress its rise.

(2) . ." tamen ut unitatem manifestaret, unitatis ejusdem originem ab uno incipientem sua autoritate disposuit. Hoc erant utique et ceteri apostoli quod fuit Petrus, pari consortio præditi et honoris et potestatis, sed exordium ab unitate proficiscitur, et primatus Petro datur ut una Christi ecclesia et cathedra una monstretur." *Lib. de Unit. Eccles.* (Op. ed. cit. p. 463.) Not merely this part, but the whole passage upon the text from Matthew, was thrown out in the 1st edition of Baluzius, who, citing Latinius as saying *it was not found in 7 Vatican Mss.*, adds, "Ego vidi 7 et 20 in quibus pariter deest!"

23.—P. 63. *Moses' act Was a formality*—] Borrowed, or rather continued, from that of the Egyptian priests, his teachers or his fellows, who used a similar ceremony, to which of course the people of the Exodus had been well accustomed.

24.—P. 64. *For whom the sin-goat bleeds not, and the smoke Of incense burn'd within the vail*, etc.] *Levit.* xvi.

25.—P. 72. *Brook'd not the eagle on the House of God*—] The golden eagle which Herod had erected over the great gate of the Temple, and which certain young men under the instigation of Judas and Matthias, teachers and expounders of the law, undertook to remove during Herod's illness. Josephus says that Herod, who was then about seventy years old, burnt alive this Matthias with forty of his associates. *Antiq. J.* XVII. vi.

question (1), this passage, of which I give the most suspicious part in the under-note, was rejected altogether by Baluze, who, as there stated, found it wanting in no less than 7 and 20 copies of the Vatican. As it is too large to have been accidentally omitted, the inference is obvious.

(1) It would be productive of singular consequences, if a literal interpretation were given to every saying of Christ's. "If thine eye offend thee, etc." The allusion to the name of Peter could only have been made by one speaking Greek, and to those who understood Greek, whereas Jesus undoubtedly discoursed in Hebrew and to Hebrews. (a) But receiving the account of the Evangelist as literally exact, what is the evident meaning, as presented to one who is not interested in giving it a peculiar sense? *Thou art Peter: I know thy energy and ardor, and on thee chiefly depend for the propagation of my faith, building my invisible church upon thy zeal and firmness as a temple on a rock whose foundations nothing human can shake.* It conveys no pre-eminence and implies no concentration. Christ simply relies upon Peter for *the propagation of the faith.* And it must certainly be admitted, that those who claim to be his direct successors have inherited to the full the same spirit.

(a) We have seen that the N. T. was not known till the middle of the 2d Cy., and even then contained of all the evangelists but a portion of what is now recognized as the Gospel of St. Luke; and further, that it is not known that there was ever even an original Hebrew text of Matthew. The Gospel of John, where the famous words again occur, was, it need not be said, written originally in Greek. Add now the plausible and partially admitted complaint of Celsus, that the Christians were perpetually making alterations in their gospels, and we shall come near to a just conclusion of this passage, whose play of words is singularly discordant with the unalterably solemn and even melancholy language, on all occasions, of the alleged speaker. Du Pin however, in the notes to his edition of Optatus (Lutet. Paris. in fol. 1700), p. 28, gives out that Christ spoke in Syriac, and used the phrase *Cephas* and *Cepha*! "*Cephas* Syriacè est *Petra*. Dixit ergo Christus: Tu es Cepha, et super hunc Cepha—quod Græcè reddidit Matthæus ὅτι σὺ εἶ Πέτρος, etc." His author however derives *Cephas* from κεφαλή, and says the Saviour called Peter *Cephas* as being *head* of the Church. *ib.* Du Pin considers this "allusio parum solida est." True enough; but it is quite as substantial as his own observation.

See however, as to the capability of the Jews in general to understand Greek, Hug. *Einleitung* u. s. w. (as elsewhere cited) Th. 2. § 10. SS. 29, ff. Supposing him to have proved his position that the great body of the Hebrew people did understand Greek, it remains to be shown that it would be used in preference on such an occasion as that in question.

26.—P. 72. *Nor hands would break the Sabbath*, etc.] Και επειδη τουτ' ειχεν ικανως, μολις πλησθεισης της ταφρου, κ. τ. λ. *And when he had this* [the mound] *of sufficient height, the ditch being with difficulty filled up because of the unusual depth, having brought up the machines and engines procured from Tyre he* [Pompeius] *applied them, and broke the temple's walls with the stone-hurlers. And was it not a custom with us transmitted from our sires to cease from work on the seventh day, the mound could not have been completed in the face of their* [the defenders'] *opposition. For the law* allows us to repel the enemy when they begin the fight and come to blows, but when they do anything else does not permit it.* Ant. Jud. XIV. iv. 2.

27.—P. 76. — *thus themselves Doing*, etc. etc.] The text might be illustrated by a hundred examples, many of which will occur to the reader himself at the bare suggestion; but as I have alluded to Arianism, and as that "heresy" is a sort of neutral ground where the antagonisms of Christian deism and tritheism meet and seemingly coalesce, or, if it is not irreverent to say so, a sort of half-way house between the starting-point of the true Church of Christ and that false goal of a devious travel, the sophistry of a mongrel and idolatrous triune worship, let us take the instance of Arius.

He was the founder of a sect which in the 4th Cy. actually divided the Christian world, and was in one portion of it for a

* Not the written law, but the traditional one of the Jewish doctors, dating after the Maccabees. (So Hudson's note *ad loc.*) — But written or unwritten, its observance sets in the strongest light the absurd bigotry of the Jews, which Josephus on the occasion presents to our admiring regard as consummate piety. Nor is he to be laughed at; for the Pharisees of our own faith judge and do the like, who on fast-days abstain rigidly from meat but indulge freely in liquor, and confessing their casual and inconsequential peccadilloes say nothing of habitual incontinence.

long time completely paramount.* Only fragments of his writings have escaped the destruction to which the Imperial policy rather than piety condemned them;† but his arguments on the nature of the Son of God, as they may be gathered from his chief antagonist,‡ are, briefly stated, as follows. Christ being begotten, there was a time when he was not, and when, consequently, God was not the Father. His existence therefore having a commencement in a point of time, the *Word* was not eternal. Now, if not eternal, the Word could not be God, and if not God could not have been begotten of God; for that which is of God begotten must share His proper nature. Hence Christ was *not* begotten of God, but was *created*, being before all other creations, and the only one created of God as the Father. Thus his divinity is not

* Under an Arian prince, when Athanasius was driven from Alexandria into exile, "dilapso in fide Apostolorum omni penè mundo," the bishops showed such pliancy of conscience, that *out of* 650 *scarcely 7 were found to whom the commands of God were dearer than those of the king.* Jul. Pelag. *ap.* Augustin., in *Operis Imperf.* lib. 1°. — August. *Op.* t. x. p. 689, ed. Benedict. (Antw. in fol. 1700).

† The Emperor professed a desire not only for the annihilation of his dogma, but of his very memory, and commanded instant death to be inflicted on any one found concealing a book of the infamous heretic. See his letter in Socrat. *Hist. Eccl.* I. ix., p. 27 ed. Valesii (Amstel. in fol. 1700).

‡ Athanas. *c. Arianos.* Orat. i. — *Op.* (Paris. in fol. 1698.) t. i. p. 413; and *Epist. ad Episc. Ægypti et Libyæ* — ib. 281 sq. (1) In the former work we have handed down to us the opening of the chief composition of Arius, *Thalia.* It would make him appear to have been pompous and self-satisfied. Like Ulysses, he hesitated not to call himself *the renowned*, ὁ περικλυτος, and gives out magniloquently, as with the sound of a trumpet, that he is come to preach the wisdom taught him by God. It seems to have been a composition partly in prose and partly in verse. *v.* Socrat. *H. E.* u. s., p. 25: Sozom. *H. E.* I. xxi. (ej. tom 355.).

(1) Athanasius was at the time the strife commenced Deacon in the head church of Alexandria, and Arius a presbyter, pastor of Baukalis. The latter was by birth a Libyan, and according to Epiphanius already advanced in years when the dispute broke out. See, besides the works just cited and Eusebius in the 2d Bk. of the *Vita Constant.*, Athanas. *Disput.* (in Conc. Nic.) *c. Arium*, (T. ii. pp. 206 sqq. ed. cit.), where Arius is introduced personally. Augustin has also written against the Arians. tt. v, and viii, *ed. cit.*

the godhead of birth, but the result of the Omnipotent Paternal favor: he is not *very* God, but *made* God. And by his individual will though always good, yet *by his nature as a creature he was capable of evil*, for as a creature he shared not the immutable nature of the Father. — The augmentation of the dignity of the Great Teacher, which began to obtain after the close of the 2d Cy., until at this time it had reached its highest point by equalization of his ascribed divinity with that of the Creator,* Arius opposes, not only by his arguments, but by a direct hypothetical assertion that the Almighty is himself invisible to the Son.

A doctrine, which if not in itself rational is yet based on arguments sustainable by the logic of human reason, was not likely to want favorers, especially in that era of Christianity, when the dogma of the Triune nature, allowed by its own teachers to be incomprehensible, was comparatively recent, nor had yet had time to overgrow the simpler faith which had taken root for more than two centuries. Accordingly, scarcely was the dogma made public, which was in the 17th year of the 4th Cy., when thousands acknowledged it as their own. From Alexandria, where it broke out, the flame spread through all Egypt; Libya was kindled; Asia caught the light of the burning, and from the windows of her churches the neighboring parts of Europe received reflected the illumination. Numbers of the clergy danced with the multitude delighted round the blaze, and the hearts of many prelates, among whom we have already seen the historian Eusebius,† were warmed into new energy by the genial heat of a creed which dispelled for them the benumbing cold of doubt and loosed the stagnating influences of a compulsatory faith. More than one synod

* *Cf.* Sozom. u. s., l. vi. c. xxii. (p. 541.)

† This was about the Y. 323; but the other Eusebius (Bishop of Nicomedia), Arius' friend from youth, had earlier pronounced for his opinions in two Epistles, and by his position and influence converted the strife into one between the Sees of Nicomedia and Alexandria. See, further, the next subnote.

was held in its favor; and Constantine, who, as a new convert, was peculiarly disposed to waver between the two dogmas,* might have finally pronounced for the new one;† but at the Council of Nicæa which he called together (June, 325), and where Arianism was a main question of discussion, it was rejected by an overwhelming majority,‡ and the creed adopted, thence known as the *Nicæan*, which affirms the Son to be of one substance with the Father.

Arianism may be said to have been the primitive faith of all the Germans. Ulpian, who first converted the Goths, was himself a semi-Arian; and when in the latter half of the 4th Cy. the Visigoths were received into the Empire by Valens on condition of baptism, they adopted naturally the faith of that emperor. From them Christian monotheism spread to the other Goths and to the Vandals, and in the middle of the 5th Cy. it was adopted by the Burgundians.§

In the East it continued the paramount faith for forty years,

* Eusebius of Nicomedia, who was subsequently banished, to be afterward recalled with Arius, had at this time great influence in the court of Constantine, and Eusebius was a decided Arian, notwithstanding his abandonment of Arius. *Cs.* Sozomen. *H. E.* ii. 29. — p. 398 *ed. Val. cit.* Rufinus and Jerom both affirm that the Emperor, whose sister Constantia had already become a proselyte, was actually won over to the new heresy by the Arian bishop. *Cf.* Gfrörer — *A. K.* II. i. S. 200. — who refers to Tillemont, vi. 252, 3.

† Or rather, the new-old one; for Arianism was in fact, as to its tenets, but the faith of the Jew-Christians, modified by the endeavor on the part of the founder, or, if you please, reviver, to reconcile his own judgment with the habit of inculcated doctrine. The monotheism of Arius was that of a syllogizing bishop rather than that of a Christian philosopher.

‡ Fifteen to one. There were more than 300 bishops present (see the letters of the Emp. Constantine in *Socrat. H. E.* i. ix. p. 26 *ed. cit.*); a number quite significant of the nature of the office. The bishop of Rome, not being able to attend, sent two priests to represent him.

§ Michelet, speaking of the period when the Gothic clergy invited the Franks into Gaul (Y. 451), says: "Tous les autres Barbares à cette époque étaient

viz. from the Y. 340 to 380, when Theodosius, not without a show of military force, raising to the primacy of Constantinople Gregory Nazianzen, put it completely down, employing against its professors, whom he styled, by a strangely chosen designation, *madmen*,* as odious persecution (through fifteen severe edicts) as the See of Rome at a later day, but in the same faith, practised against all independence of religious thought.

28.—77. *A man, As thou art.*] I have already said sufficient on this theme, to obviate the necessity of illustration here. But it may be permitted me to give in a few words the sum of previous explanation, viz., that the simple humanity of Jesus was not only recognized by all his immediate disciples, but, notwithstanding the mysticism of St. Paul, was the prevalent belief of the Church for perhaps two hundred years, while until the third century Christianity had not so far lost itself as to assign to "the Son of God" the creative and eternal omnipotence of the Father or to give him consubstantiality with the Divine person. Even so late as the latter half of the 4th Cy., the Greeks and Latins disputed hourly upon the meaning of *ουσια* and *ὑποστασις*.†

29.—P. 78.— *the foretold Messias.*] See Note 31.

30.—P. 79. —*when in dream,* etc.] *Isaiah*, vi. 4.

Ariens. Tous appartenaient à une race, à une nationalité distincte. Les Francs seuls, population mixte, semblaient être restés flottans sur la frontière, prêts à toute idée, à toute influence, à toute religion. Eux seuls reçurent le Christianisme par l'église latine." *Hist. de France:* t. i. p. 194.

* "We authorize the followers of this doctrine [of *the Trinity*] to assume the title of Catholic Christians; and *as we judge, that all others are extravagant madmen*, we brand them with the infamous name of Heretics. *Etc.*" Cod. Theodos. l. xvi. — cited by Gibbon: *Decl. and Fall.* c. xxvii.

† In the received sense, the Trinity is *one* in *ουσια* (*being, essence, essential nature*), but *three* in *ὑποστασις* (*substance, personality*).

31.—P. 79. — *applies to times The enraptur'd words make imminent, not remote.*] This is easily demonstrated. In the first verse of Chapter vii. of Isaiah, we are told that while Ahaz was ruling over Judah (*c.* 742 *A. C.*), the king of Israel joined with the king of Syria, to attack Jerusalem. Whereupon Ahaz was sorely shaken (*v.* 2). So Isaiah with his son went to meet him (3), to encourage him and bid him not care for *the two tails of those smoking firebrands* (4), that is, as he explains it, for the wrath or evil designs of the Syrians and the Ephraimites, who had it in heart to subdue Judea and to establish as king thereof the son of Tabeal (5, 6). This, the seer tells him, shall in no wise come to pass, for in threescore and five years the Ephraimites, whose capital was Samaria, whereof the son of Remaliah was king, should cease to exist (7, 8, 9). Then Ahaz showing himself incredulous, Isaiah proceeds to tell him to ask a sign from Heaven (10, 11), which when the King declines to do, unwilling to "tempt the Lord," (12,) Isaiah reproves him (13), and proceeds:

"14. Therefore the Lord himself shall give you a sign. Behold, a virgin shall conceive and bear a son, and shall call his name Immanuel [*God with us*].

"15. Butter and honey shall he eat, that he may know to refuse the evil and choose the good.

"16. For *before the child shall know to refuse the evil and choose the good, the land that thou abhorrest shall be forsaken of both her* [the] *kings.*"

Of what kings? Evidently, the combined hostile kings. *Before the child shall*, etc. Not before he shall be born. Therefore the prediction or promise is for the time present. And in no other way can the words have any sense. Castellio, in his approved version, says: "desolabitur terra, cujus ob duos reges tu es anxius" — *the land shall be made desolate for which, because of the*

two kings, thou art in trouble, — which corresponds moreover with the subsequent forewarning in the chapter.*

The Septuagint for the same passage reads: Και καταλειφθησεται ἡ γη, ἡν συ φοβῃ, απο προσωπου των δυο βασιλεων—*and the land which thou fearest shall be freed of the presence of the two kings.*

Thus it will be seen that the prophecy, so to call it, applies positively to the defeat of the kings of Israel and Syria and to the destruction of Samaria, or of Judea, or of both Samaria and Judea.

Now for the wondrous child. He is to eat butter and honey, *that he may know*, &c. says the English: Castellio —"Qui butyro melleque vescetur, discendo reprobare malum, &c." — *Who shall feed on butter and honey, in learning* (or *by learning*,— which would give the previous clause a peculiar figurative sense) *to reject evil* &c.: the Greek: Βουτυρον και μελι φαγεται πριν γνωναι, κ. τ. λ.— *Butter and honey he shall eat before knowing*, &c. But, whatever the form of the translation, if we are to take the essential part of the passage literally,—that is, "A virgin shall conceive and bear, &c.," then, also literally, the child was to be fed on butter and honey.† But let us allow a large latitude, and make the 14th

* The chapter however is characteristically confused, and it is difficult to tell which land it is that is to be desolated, although as the prophet's object was to encourage Ahaz, it is probable that Samaria, which is to say the kingdom of Israel, is meant. So in the English version we have "the land that thou abhorrest," and in the Greek "which thou fearest," while the intervening promise of abundance, if it is such and not a threat of devastation, (v. 21, or 22 *Eng.*), must apply to Judea. Castellio's version, according to the true Latin construction, can refer only to the latter.

† I find that Biblical commentators do take the phrase literally, and interpret it that the divine child was to be brought up like other children in the East, who are fed on butter and honey [?]; and this to give him the knowledge of good and evil. I should have thought that that had come to him more fully by his superhuman nature than by any participation in the sustenance of those who derive it from original sin. See subnote * on the next page.

verse alone to have a literal signification and the 15th a figurative one,—which certainly is accommodating the expounders of the text more than its author,—the sense of eating butter and honey is either he shall be nourished in the lap of abundance, or, if the 22d verse indicates a dearth of ordinary food through the ravages of war, he shall suffer great privation.* Was either accident the case with the child of Bethlehem, who, born in humble circumstances but not in destitution, finished his unvaried life before the last calamity of his country? †

Finally, the Seventy have in the 14th verse: Ιδου ἡ παρθενος εν γαστρι λημψεται, και τεξεται υἱον, και καλεσεις το ονομα αυτου Εμμανυελ. *Behold the virgin shall conceive, and shall bear a son, and thou* [Ahaz *sc.*] *shalt call his name Emmanuel.* And Castellio: "Ecce puella prægnans filium pariet, quem nomine vocabit Emmanuelem." *Behold a pregnant girl shall bring forth a son, whom she shall call* &c. For I need not suggest to the instructed reader the "laborantes utero puellas" (Hor. *Carm.* III. xxii.), to con-

* That is, learn by the wo of Ahaz' bad reign to prefer good to evil.

† Chap. xi. is still more prophetic of a Messiah, and *vv.* 2–5 might well answer for a character of Jesus. Are we then to interpret it literally? Has the wolf indeed dwelt with the lamb, and the leopard lain down with the kid? Doth the lion eat straw like the ox? or have all the dispersed of Judah [observe, not of Israel also] been gathered together from the four corners of the earth? In Chap. ix. 6–7, taking the titles of the promised child, whose shoulder was to bear the government, as applicable to Jesus, is it true that of the increase of his government and peace there is no end, on the throne of David and upon his kingdom? or previously, ii. 4, though Jesus, through the Gospel, has indeed rebuked many people, has he beat their swords into ploughshares and their spears into pruning-hooks? Doth nation no longer lift up the sword against nation, and is war indeed then learned no more? *Falsus in uno, falsus in omnibus.* I do not admit that as a general principle; but in the component parts of a single passage, where the theme and the application are one, it must be allowed to hold good; and it breaks down at once the entire fabric of prophecy, or rather bursts the froth-made bubble whose contents are mere air.

vince him of what is otherwise known, that "puella" does not necessarily mean *a maid.**

Whichever of the three versions is the truest I cannot pronounce, having no knowledge of Hebrew; but, taking any one of them, or all of them, nay, throwing aside what is inseparable in the text, the 16th verse, which points the prophecy inflexibly to the times of Ahaz, what have we? An untutored poet's ill-digested fancy, an Eastern enthusiast's bewildered and bewildering daydream, the swollen language, often noble, sometimes grand, but always more or less exaggerated, of a mind whose ill-regulated imagination had become by the practice of its owner, whose pretensions were welcomed and overrated by a barbarous people, totally lawless of all discipline, if not positively deranged. The thing is not new, nor will it probably be ever old. Not to speak of oriental fancies, there is the *Pollio* of Virgil (*Ecl.* iv),† which men have had the

* Besides, in Isaiah we have "virgin" used frequently without particular meaning. Thus, xxiii. 12, — "Virgin, daughter of Sidon;" xxxvii. 22, — "The virgin, the daughter of Zion;" xlvii. 1, — "O virgin, daughter of Babylon;" for Sidon, Zion, and Babylon, simply. Compare *Jeremiah* xxxi. 4, 13, 21.

It is to be observed too, that he says nothing of the mode of conception. It is not to be by any divine interposition, or by intervention and agency of the Spirit. It is merely to be a generation out of the ordinary course (if *virgin* is indeed used in the strict sense), according to the ignorance in such matters of the not very rational prophet; an ignorance shared by many men even in greatly later ages, who supposed that conception might take place without impregnation. What for example can be more absurd than for a writer on midwifery and its cognate subjects to doubt if a woman might not by a miracle have had 365 children at a birth? Yet that seemingly did Francis Mauriceau, one of the most renowned, if not the most renowned obstetrician of the last decade of the 17th and the first of the 18th Cy. The amusing story may be found in the *Vision of Rubeta*, Cto. II. 59, 60, note. See too (if it may be allowed me to refer thus to my own book) *ib.* 87–89 and notes.

† *Cf.*, *e. g.*, "Ille deûm vitam accipiet, *etc.*" 15—30; wherein, by the by, 26 and 27, "At simul heroum, *etc.*," may be likened to the 16th verse above, "For before the child, &c.": then 40—52. All of which it is the height of folly, or

rashness to assert, or the fatuity to believe, was suggested by the Sibyl's copy from the Jewish seers.* And Pope has gone so far as to twist the *Virgo Astræa* into the *Virgo Deïpara :*

> " Rapt into future times, the bard begun :
> A Virgin shall conceive, a Virgin bear a son ! "

superstitious blindness, not to see is but the result of a poet's fancy seeking images to fill up the picture of a returning golden age. Without a golden age, and without the rhapsodies of a single Jewish prophet, any fanciful mind would with a similar object take a similar course, and find it an easy one for rapid and bold running.

* See the *Prolegomena* to the *Orac. Sibyllina*, p. lxxix sq. Galland. *V. PP.* t. ed. 1765, where, besides a sophistical defence or apology of the use made of the pretended oracles by the ancient fathers, as Justin Mart., Athenas., Theoph. Antioch., Clem. Alex., Lactant., *et al.*, the editor adduces the 4th Eclogue as a general prediction, after the ancient Sibyl, of the birth of Christ and the results (never yet realized) thence to flow to a regenerated world. Previously (lxxvii), it is not attempted to deny that the author was a judaizing Christian. Indeed this would be difficult; for the probability is obvious in the very first book of the *Oracula*,—the poet giving us a rythmical summary of the chief points of the Mosaic history, with the names of the patriarchs from Adam down. But to suppose, as is done, that the author incorporated many things from the old heathen oracles into his collection, is assuming a very great deal. Nothing is known with certainty as to their composition, which is in Greek heroic verse, except perhaps that they had their origin in Alexandria. Their authenticity was easily suspected by several of the Church-fathers. But the Christians generally putting faith in them, and, whether putting faith in them or not, often citing them, as above intimated, were, by heathens as credulous as themselves, derided as *Sibyllists*. In modern collections they are arranged in eight books, and may be found in Gallandius *ut s.*, with the Latin hexameter version of Castalio. Grotius regarded even the ancient ones mentioned in Roman history as the compositions of Jews. See, in *Orig. c. Celsum* lib. v., a note on this subject, p. 625 t. i. *Op.* ed. Delarue *s. cit.*

One thing is worth noticing in this place as corroborative of what I have said as to the Ebionitish or monotheistic faith of the 2d Cy. In *Lib.* i. 5, we have:

> Ὁς μονος εστι θεος κτιστης, ακρατητος ὑπαρχων·

and the date assigned to the rhapsody is *c.* An. 136.

This is finer than Isaiah; but it is quite as extravagant, and is a scarcely justifiable misrepresentation of one who was greater than either Pope or Isaiah.*

To explain the origin of the idea of an immaculate conception would carry me too far, who already have expended precious time on the inanities of a theme,

> Caught from the vaporings of a prophet's brain
> And poet's myth, the impossible monstrous form
> Of Asian fiction, and the insane idea
> Of minds aspiring to be great in phrase
> By superclimbing nature.

It is sufficient to refer the reader for comparison to the well-known phrase of David as to ordinary procreation. "Behold, I was shapen in iniquity, and in sin did my mother conceive me:" (*Equidem in vitio genitus sum, et in peccato me concepit mea mater.* Cast.) *Ps.* li. 5.

32.—P. 80. *Behold, To obey* etc.] 1 *Samuel* xv. 22.

33.—P. 80. *Thus Jehovah saith*, etc.] See *Isaiah* i. 11, 13, 14.— Wilkinson (*Anc. Egyps.* v. 288, note) has compared

* *Quere.* Does not the *child*, with the prophet, mean the good king Hezekiah, son of Ahaz? and may not the term *virgin*, or *girl*, be used to intimate both the mother's youth and her first parturition,—*virgin*, that is, when brought to Ahaz? The name *Immanuel* is merely indicative of the felicity to come by the providence of God, to whom the child would be acceptable. — It is not unlikely that these predictions were written after the event and ascribed to Isaiah, or altered so as to suit the event. But in either case it is beyond any reasonable doubt that they were intended for some future king of Judah, of the line of David. Thus the Gospel, or its interpolators, have resorted after the manner of the O. T. to the trick of a genealogy, to establish a descent which they deemed necessary to the claim of the Messiah.

the *new-moon* festivals and solemn *assemblies* of the Egyptians with those bearing a similar name with the Hebrews, as seen in the passage of Isaiah referred to. Undoubtedly these last had their origin in the former, or rather were but a continuation of the customary celebrations. And there are few observances, national antipathies, superstitious prejudices, or even pious precepts, from the extravagant abhorrence of swine to the wholesome reverence of parents, that might not be traced more or less directly to the same ancestral source. In fact, it is high time that the 3000 years' fiction of the Jews' originating a new religion, or of receiving it primordially from Heaven, should be exploded. They revived a dead one, and freed it of much of the scurf of its grave; and that is praise enough.

34.—P. 89. *And managing to climb the southern wall*—] Το δε τεταρτον αυτου μετωπον, το προς μεσεμβριαν, κ. τ. λ. *But the fourth front thereof* [of the Temple], *that faced the south, had not only gates in its middle spaces, but upon it the royal triple portico, which extended lengthwise from the eastern valley to the western; for farther it could not possibly go. And the work was of those most worthy of mention under the sun; for while the wall that fortified the valley was itself of so great height, that it did not suffer one to see down into the depth who from above should lean over to look to the bottom, it had upon it the exceeding height of the portico, so that if, taking both together, one should from the top of the roof of the portico endeavor to explore the depth, his head would swim, his darkening vision not being able to reach to the unfathomable bottom. Antiq. Jud.* xv. xi. 5. The reader will know how to make allowance for the habitual exaggeration of the describer.

35.—P. 108. *My God! my God! How long wilt Thou forsake me?*] "*Eli, eli, lama sabacthani?* That is, 'My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?' Or, '—— how long a time

hast thou forsaken me!' as the words may be rendered." Wright's *Life of Christ*, (Lond. in fol. 1782), p. 269.

I have therefore made an error of memory, in supposing that the grandly pathetic words might be interpreted as in the text. But it is inconsequential; the spirit, almost the very sense, are the same. And in either form of words, that spirit, or that sense (including of course the impassioned cry to *God*), may of itself be considered decisive of the simple humanity of the sufferer.*

* And even if he did not utter them (for it is noteworthy that neither Luke nor John has any such expression, — and it is too remarkable to have been forgotten or overlooked), they may be taken as additional Gospel evidence of the fact, that the heathenish belief of the divinity of Christ was not known to the Apostles. *Cf.* Luke xxiv. 19.

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